

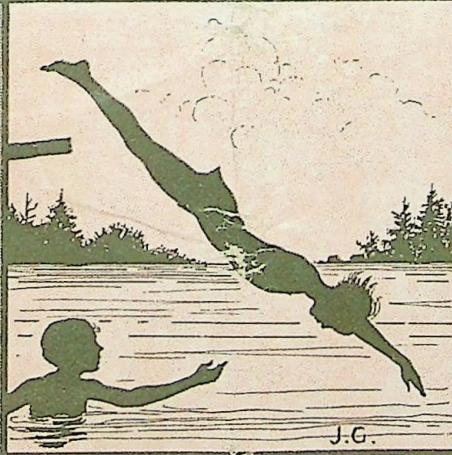
The American Girl

15 Cents
a copy.

Published by
The Girl Scouts

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a year.

JULY 1925





A Whole Row of Happiness

Because each one will have her own copy of our August issue

Look at the first Girl Scout in the row

IN August, perhaps she will turn first of all to the adventure story of Marion McKay, the brave and fearless girl who set out through a stormy sea. The Indian baby was very sick. There was no doubt about that. But who could go for the doctor?

"A strong wind had begun to blow and the few low, sturdy pine trees which had survived previous gales from the ocean were now bending and twisting in an attempt to resist the wind. A heavy gust suddenly shook the little hut. Marion turned away from the window and started toward the door.

"If I hurry," she said, "I may be able to get there before it storms."

Out she went alone in her boat, there to meet a towering scow that was to change her whole life.

Look at the second Girl Scout in the row

Perhaps she will turn first to "The Lame Duck" by Maud Mary Brown. And because we happen to know that this particular Girl Scout has long been a subscriber to our magazine, we know *she* knows why Maud Mary Brown was voted one of our most popular writers in our last What-I-Wish-in-my-Magazine Contest. There are two girls in this story, Natalie Fell and Nelia Fell, who were sisters. Natalie was very popular with all the boys and girls who swarmed in to make fudge. But Nelia was not. She hated them all, she said. And yet— She cried when she was alone, upstairs. How Nelia won her way to a place in the midst of all the fun makes one of the best stories *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has ever published.

Without doubt, she will choose to read first Mrs. Edey's latest Girl Scout story. Small wonder that Girl Scouts

say Mrs. Edey's Girl Scouts are real. Mrs. Edey has camped with too many and hiked with too many and been to troop meetings with too many Girl Scouts not to know how to write stories about them. The Girl Scout in this story came home from camp and—but that's the story.

As for the third girl!

She looks to me ready, this minute, to start off on a Treasure Hunt. A regular one with pirates and treasure and hidden gold 'n everything. That is the kind of Treasure Hunt you will find in our August issue—even to the pictures of the pirates!

Now for the fourth girl!

Does she sing? Does she like to be in camp stunts? Or is she a handicraft enthusiast? It really doesn't matter which, because whatever she enjoys doing, she will find new ideas in our August issue. A stunt page—yes, Oleda Schrottky has written one with all kinds of ideas for the evening when your patrol is scheduled for a camp-fire stunt. In "Forest Notes," Mr. Newell is going to give you the music as well as the words to a new song. As for handicraft, wait until you see the woodsy picture frame you can make for your pet camp snapshot! You will wish to have it, all winter, on your bureau or your desk at home.

Now for the whole row!

There will certainly be a scramble for our August picture pages—Girl Scout plays and stunts! If there is any Girl Scout who does not enjoy being in plays and stunts, or seeing them we'd like to see her. So here is a collection of pictures showing all kinds of plays and stunts. Watch! Wait! And meanwhile if your subscription has expired, now is the time to renew.

Do Your Best Friend a Favor. Tell Her About Five Months for 50c

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published at 670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Girl Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

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You Will Celebrate

When our August issue arrives

Think of it!

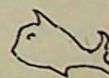
- 1 Mystery serial, continued
- 2 Adventure stories
- 1 Heroism story
- 1 Girl Scout story
- 1 Treasure hunt with pirates
- 1 Stunt page
- 1 Song page (music, too).
- 1 Outdoor handicraft page (wait till you see it!)
- 1 Star page (yes, new ideas for your badge)
- 1 Beholder
- 1 Puzzle page
- Every so many picture pages

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Do Your Best Friend a Favor



*Tell her about
5 months for 50c*



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72-094



Sarah Louise Arnold

Newly-elected National President of the Girl Scouts

DEAR Girl Scouts throughout our America: I salute you! THE AMERICAN GIRL has promised, through our own loved Helen Ferris, to broadcast my greeting to all my Girl Scout comrades, from sea to sea.

I am writing these words at sunrise, looking out upon the green fields and the arching elm trees of old Massachusetts. A whiff of salt air from the Atlantic comes in through the windows, along with the okalee of the red-winged blackbirds, the plaintive call of the meadow lark, and the cheery notes of the robin and the oriole. All these travel across to you, with my loving thought.

They may find you under the great dome of sky to which the prairie girl looks up, in her wide and beautiful country. They will greet the Girl Scouts whose doors look out on purple mountains or face the Golden Gate. They will reach those whose paths are beside meadow-brooks, and they will seek out the troops that are housed in our great cities;—even there, with the same blue sky above and the same dear earth below. We are one in comradeship. We are climbing together. We take hold of hands, encircling the country.

I am writing in the name of the host who love you and who are bringing your good times to pass. They are the Big Sisters who lead your troops, whom you call your Captains, and who share your work and play. They are the Foster-Mothers whom you call Counsellors and Commissioners, and those whom you call your Directors, and who are working for your sakes day after day. Even within the walls called offices they are thinking of you, and in their own way they are blazing trails for you.

You know and see your local director. If your mind reaches farther yet you will meet the director who takes care of your great region, holding many states together. And in the heart of it all, the place we call Headquarters,

you will find your own far-seeing and able National Director, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, whom you all know and love. And you may hear far-away echoes of a Board of Directors, who bring to Headquarters more plans yet, for all your good times.

And, lastly, you would find there at Headquarters your own leader of the Field, Mrs. Edey, and a "Staff", whose hours are filled with work for you and messages that come and go for you. With and above all are those who have been your Presidents;—your Founder, Mrs. Low,—your Mrs. Choate, who has planned for the Standards and for the Golden Eaglets;—and your Mrs. Hoover, who has been caring for you these last three years.

We all love to think of you, Girl Scouts! We rejoice in every Good Turn in the Girl Scout's day. When you are glad we are glad.

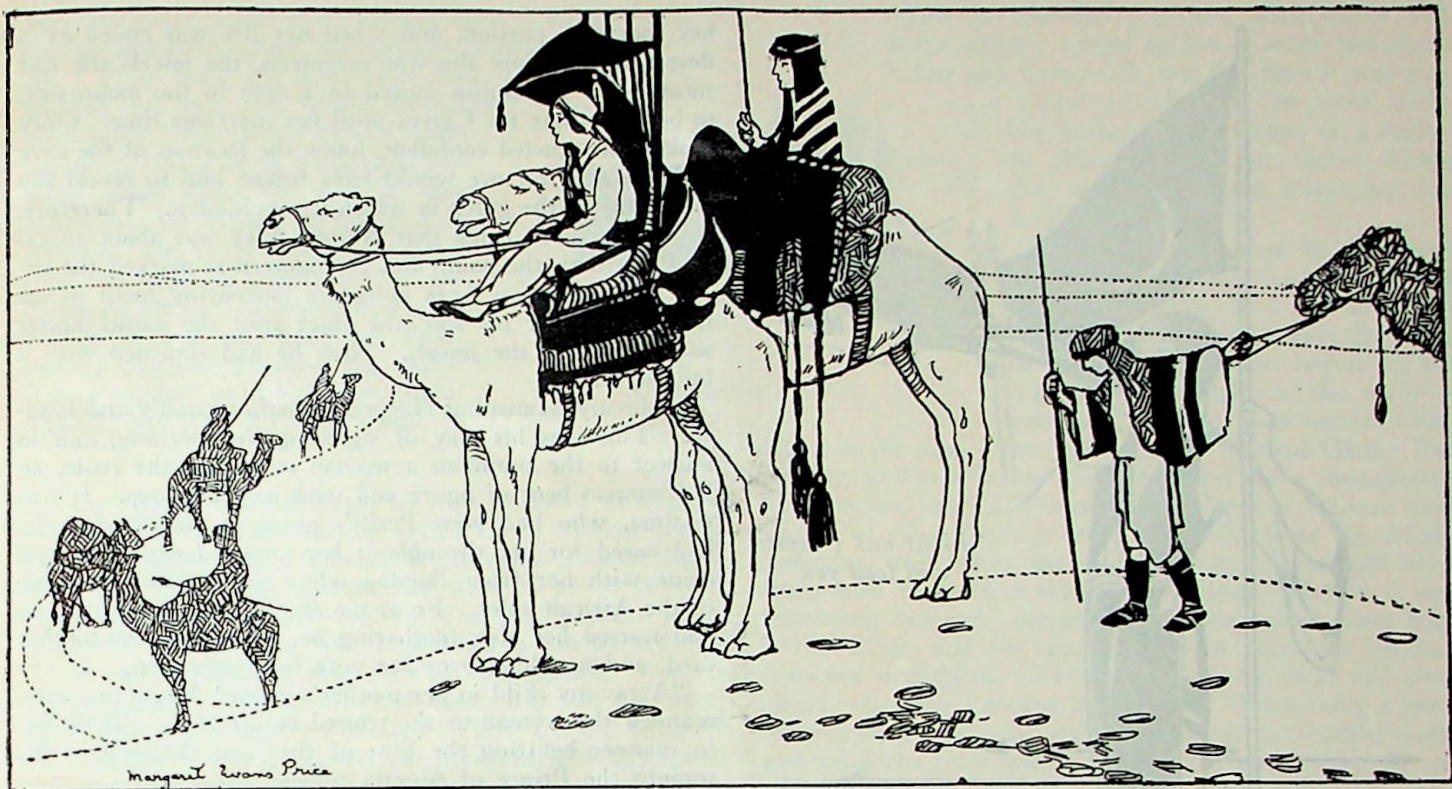
Let us take hold of hands, Girl Scouts! "The Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout." Good-will is behind every Good Turn;—and good-will is the heart of Girl Scouting. I like to think of a world filled with the Girl Scout spirit,—which means a world filled with abounding good-will.

So multiply the Good Turns, Girl Scouts,—saying never a word about it! The more, the merrier! And the joy that goes with the doing will make you ready for the next Good Turn! Isn't that fine! After a little, the Good Turn does itself! So all Girl Scouts are living up to their motto. There is nothing like the doing of Good Turns, if one wants "to be prepared."

We are all hoping for the best year yet. Face forward, Girl Scouts!

Yours in the New Comradeship,—

Sarah Louise Arnold



Carcas went riding with much magnificence away from the tent of her father into the West

THE burning heat of noon was over the desert, and Mansulius, the Libian chief was resting in his tent. His eyes wandered dreamily across the silken curtains that, like a canopy cut from the rainbow, billowed along the roof of his quarters and hung in glistening folds at the sides, transforming it from a bare shelter into a royal abode. His eyes were dreamy because he was in deep revery. He was musing upon the great event this day held in store for him, for at nightfall from the distant oasis of El Erg, in Algeria, would come Chief Ahmed Mey with a mighty camel train.

Lord of a vast region was Ahmed Mey, a region that stretched from the blue sea-water to the mighty Sahara, and twenty tribes were under his iron rule. He had camels, horses and goats in countless numbers, and caravan loads of silk stuffs, jewels and gold. Mansulius knew that in all his beloved Africa there was no man of greater might than Ahmed Mey, and when, the day before, had come messengers from the west with word that their lord would soon follow, his delight knew no bounds, for the Algerian chief had a son.

"It is the loveliness of Carcas that brings him this way," he thought with glowing pride, "Carcas, and the might of my own sway."

Mansulius, too, was lord over broad stretches of desert, and was rich in horses and camels. Moreover, he came of a line of chiefs whose fathers had been caliphs in Arabia, so that not only abundant wealth, but the blood of royalty had he. But far more precious to him than his high lineage and all his treasure combined, was something only a fraction of the size of a baby camel, his daughter and only child and companion. Flower of the desert was she to the great tribal leader and star of his lonely, turbulent life.

The Saracen Girl

From an abode of splendor, this beautiful girl of the desert went forth to adventures in a distant fortress

By KATHERINE DUNLAP CATHER

Illustrations by Margaret Evans Price

Flower of the desert was Carcas to all who knew her, for she was light of heart, lovely of face and figure, and overflowing with a joyous friendliness. Word of her beauty had traveled far over Africa, for each stranger who came to the oasis, and every one met during times when the tribe wandered, bore to his own people poetic descriptions of her. She was not yet thirteen, but under the sun of Libia girls

grew to womanhood very early. Already her father had begun negotiating a suitable marriage for her, and had sent proposals and presents to Ahmed Mey. Now he knew the western chief was coming to accept her formally as a bride for his son.

In her quarters beyond those of her father, Carcas was singing an Arab hunting song and playing with her nightingale. Besides a baby camel she had no pet save this wee, dark bird that had come to her one evening when a caravan halted at the oasis and a low-voiced woman gave her the fluttering thing. She loved it devotedly, and the nightingale seemed to return her love, for it sang joyfully through the shadowy hours, coming at her call, alighting on her head and shoulders, and eating out of her hand.

"It knows her heart even as I do," her father thought very often as he watched her with her feathered pet. He too, loved the nightingale, partly for its own sake, mostly because it was dear to his daughter.

A sudden commotion beyond the tent aroused Mansulius from his revery. Gokal, master of his camel trains, and trusted confidant, had returned from the journey on which he had departed immediately upon the arrival of the messengers who had announced the approaching visit of Ahmed Mey. Murmurs of interest and curiosity arose from the tribesmen who saw Gokal come back, questions about what the hurried ride to the south had meant. It must



have been a mission of great import, they reasoned, that he had traveled even through the heat of day upon the return. For a summer noontide in the Libian desert is a time of suffering to all who journey then. Only when life or honor are at stake can

an Arab be tempted to brave the parching thirst, and the smarting from the sun's rays that is like a burning fever.

But Gokal had been on the move for hours. The lather on his steed told that, the beads of sweat that welted the rider's countenance, arms and neck, and the red dust pasted over both man and horse, that could have come only from the region of Tejerri, far to the south. To have gone there and returned since yester morn meant continuous galloping. The mount on which Gokal departed was not that upon which he returned. Mayhap he had ridden half a dozen animals to exhaustion. He had gone forth empty-handed. He came back bearing a bag whose weight bent him as he lifted it from his horse. There was something mysterious about the errand.

Yet no word of explanation did he vouchsafe to those who grouped around him in curiosity. Directly he went to the tent of the chief and Mansulius, seeing him enter, nodded in approval.

"Never have you failed me yet," he spoke in a voice that rang with affection, "but I perceive you have ridden hard and that discomfort has marked your loyalty."

The man salaamed before his chief, bending his head to the ground. "I have the jewels and gold, my lord. The choicest pearls and rubies I have brought, and the stomach-er of emeralds that gleamed on the breast of the daughter of Bagdad when she wedded thee."

Instantaneously the chief's face twitched as if in pain. The mention of Perisi, mother of Carcas, who had died when the girl was a baby, always saddened him. Daughter of a caliph of Bagdad she had been a princess whose loveliness was famed throughout the East. A wealth of gems and gold and silver treasures she brought her husband as

her marriage portion, and when her life was ended by a desert fever before she was seventeen, the jewels she had most loved Mansulius stored in a cave in the mountains, to be kept there for Carcas until her marriage time. Only Gokal, the trusted confidant, knew the location of the cave and not even torture would have forced him to reveal the name of the gulch in which it was hidden. Therefore, when word came that Ahmed Mey was about to arrive with the pomp and ceremony that marked the expedition of an Arab potentate journeying forth to sue for a bride for his son, the chief sped the camel-master south to bring the jewels. Now he had returned with a bulging bag.

Suddenly Mansulius clapped his hands rapidly and loudly. This was his way of signaling his servitors, and in answer to the summons a woman came into the room, an old woman bent of figure and with unsteady step. It was Fatima, who had been Perisi's nurse in childhood. She had cared for her throughout her girlhood days, and had come with her from Bagdad when she became the bride of the African ruler. From the day of Carcas's birth, she had nursed her also, mothering her when the real mother died, and watching over her with fierce affection.

"Array my child in her mother's gems," Mansulius commanded the woman as she paused before him. "Deck her in manner befitting the Star of the East that she is, for tonight the Prince of Algeria comes."

Fatima called a slave to carry the treasure bag for her, and followed him into the quarters where Carcas was still singing to the nightingale.

"See," she exclaimed as she cut the binding cord and held the stomach-er up to the light, "jewels for you to wear as Princess of Algeria!"

The girl's eyes lighted with rapture. "Emeralds!" she cried in a voice of delight.

Fatima nodded. "Aye, and pearls and rubies also. Thy mother's they were, come from Bagdad's ruling line. I did set them upon her breast and neck when she gave her troth to thy father. Now thy sire bids me to adorn thee also, for at twilight the western chief comes."

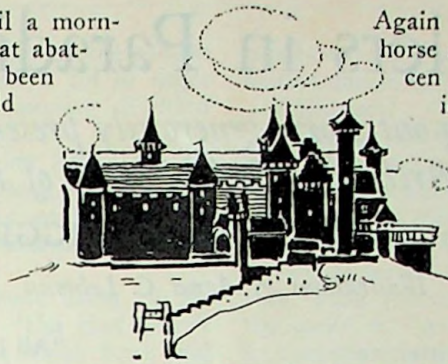
Carcas did not sing any more, for she was too happy for either speech or song. She had heard that Mihmed Bey of Algeria was an incomparably handsome youth, and that for pleasant ways his equal was not to be found in Africa. His father was a powerful, rich chief, of lineage proud and ancient as her own. There would be an eventful journey to the new realm, and she would dwell in luxury and happiness there. It was a pleasant prospect and her eyes were like great black jewels as they flashed above the emeralds, the blazing rubies and the priceless Indian pearls. Star of the East she looked and felt as Fatima adorned her for her marriage, wrapping her body in silk, amber-tinged and mottled with silver, so fine in texture it seemed spun from a spider's web.

2

Ahmed Mey and Prince Mihmed of Algeria rode into the village at twilight. In much state they came, attended by three hundred horsemen and many slaves, and followed by a caravan of treasure, presents to Mansulius in exchange for those already sent to him.

Then began feasting and revelry. Goats were slaughtered. The tenderest of young camels went to make meat for the royal visitors. Musicians strummed lutes and viols throughout the day and night-time, working in relays so that whenever one group wearied another might relieve it. Poets made verses lauding the beauty, grace and sweetness of Mansulius's daughter, and the godlike comeliness of Mihmed Bey. It was a time of such high festivity as had not been known before in all that part of Africa, and

for over three weeks it continued, until a morning in September when the summer heat abated. Then with the lord who had been selected for her, and whom she would voluntarily have chosen herself, Carcas went riding with much magnificence away from the tent of her father into the West. In the land of Mihmed Bey they abode in great splendor, and in happiness far exceeding both their power and wealth. Carcas, Star of the East, and Princess of Algeria believed the world was a garden of delight, so joyful was her life with the ruler's son.



Carcassonne Castle

Now it happened, that in the country we know as France, but that the world of that day called Gaul, stirring events had been taking place for several centuries. Almost three hundred years before Carcas was born, a powerful race known as Visigoths appeared north of the Pyrenees, overcame the native tribes, and established a kingdom there. They built fortresses that seemed impregnable, for although many chiefs approached them bent on conquest, they always fell back in defeat. Then Clovis, King of the Franks, marched against the invaders with his hosts, defeated and drove them across the mountains into Spain, where they remained almost two hundred years longer.

Then came the Saracens, or western Arabs, who, at the call of Mohammed, swept into Europe and Africa during the seventh and eighth centuries to extend the way of their crescent emblem and their Moslem faith. Those who overran Africa and remained there, were called Moors, although today we apply that name chiefly to the people of Morocco.

Carcas's father and her husband's father were both Moors. At the time of the girl's marriage to Prince Mihmed Bey, this beauty-loving, luxurious people—for the elegance in which Mansulius and Ahmed Mey lived, was not unusual among the Moors—had entered Spain by way of Gibraltar, conquered the Visigoths, and pushed across the Pyrenees into France.

Mihmed Bey was a nephew of the chief who headed the Saracens north of the Pyrenees. This uncle wanted an able man to govern the south of France in his name, so he sent a messenger to the prince with word that he proceed without delay into Europe and hold the land beyond the great mountains.

Again in splendid vestiture, with slaves and horse soldiers attending her, Carcas, the Saracen girl, rode forth, but this time it was not in a bridal procession. She went with her husband to be queen in a region so different from her native Africa that in her wildest imagining she could not picture it.

The young pair took up their residence in what had been a stronghold of the Visigoths, on a hill overlooking a river that today bears the name of Aude. It was not begun by the Visigoths, although in the main it was built by them, on a massive foundation in the days when Julius Caesar invaded Gaul.

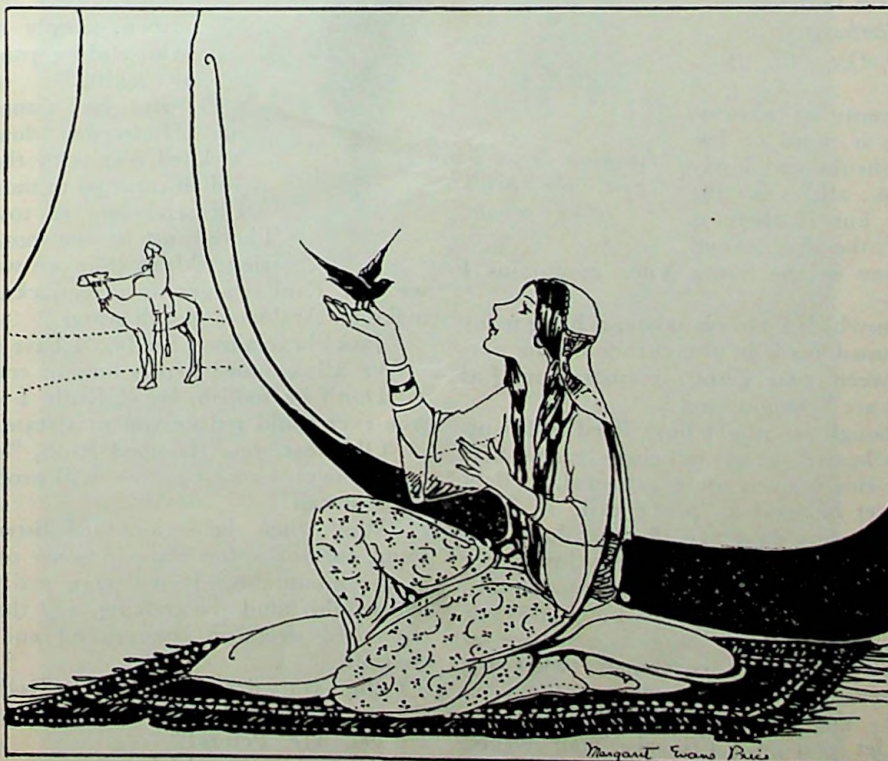
For one day, as Caesar's host moved in bold defile through the Aude region, the Romans noted a hill whose position gave control of roads leading from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, and across the Pyrenees into Spain, and then determined to build a watch-tower there. Before it was completed, however, dissension at home called them back to the Tiber, and for several hundred years the building remained unfinished. Then the Visigoths came and completed what the Romans had begun. They built a great fortress with a circular wall surmounted by sentinel walks and barbicans from which they fought many a battle, and which they held until Clovis drove them out of the land.

In this storied structure dwelt Carcas and Mihmed Bey, and at first it seemed to the princess a terrifying, mysterious place, with its vast, echoing passages and chambers with bare stone walls. But caravan loads of silk stuffs brought from Africa transformed it into a place of luxury. Its young mistress grew very fond of her new home, and she was very happy there.

But in the region north of the Aude valley, Charles Martel, King of the Franks, was anything but happy. He felt great uneasiness because of the advance of the Moors across the Pyrenees and determined

to drive them out of the land. Marching his hosts, he marched against them, and on the field of Tours dealt them a crushing defeat. Hundreds of the men of Africa lost their lives, and the survivors retreated in wild disorder beyond the mountains.

Carcas and Mihmed were not among those who hurried south, however. After the battle the prince and some of his men escaped to his castle, and there they stayed undisturbed for some years to come. Then Pepin, son of Charles (Cont. on p. 32)



Margaret Evans Price

Flower of the desert was she

Idlers in Paradise

*Part II of a camping-out story, generously presented to our magazine
by Nora Archibald Smith, sister of the author*

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Illustrations by Agnes C. Lehman

LAST month, through a letter written to "Hugh" by "Kate," our readers were introduced to the jolly camping-out party; Dorothy Dinsmore (engaged to Jack Peters); Ruth Douglas; Jack Peters; Paul Peters; and Harry (who hated ranch life). Despite Harry, Dorothy, Ruth and Kate decide to go to Jack's ranch where a rodeo is in progress. At the rodeo, Kate's suspicions are aroused by the peculiar appearance of Juan Capistrano, famous as the slayer of the wildest bull ever known in that part of the country. To Kate's horror, late that night after she has retired, she is awakened to see a face in her window—black hair and burning eyes! Juan Capistrano, come to rob! With quick aim, she hurls a large Mexican key at his face—then faints. A chase after Juan is organized—but Azabache, the huge mastiff, drags himself in at that moment, his forehead cut, proving himself to be the suspected robber! The party shouts with laughter.

II

*Rancho La Galera
Santa Barbara Co.,
Monday, Oct. 17th, 18—*

DEAR HUGH: Beauty of scenery, like all other beauty, is more or less a matter of taste. "Shrubs and lowly tamarisks please not all," as the Latins used to say; but if there is anything lovelier in the big round world than this canyon in the Santa Ynez mountains I have yet to see it.

The hammock, from which I always write, is hung many miles from its accustomed nook in the corner of the veranda; it swings between two giant sycamores in Las Flores canyon, for we are "camping out".

It would seem as though we might have lived sufficiently "near to Nature's heart," at a bachelor's ranch fifty miles from town, but this is even more primeval. (Paul suggests that it will yet be spelled "prime evil.") I intimated to Mr. Peters a few days ago that his dairy had not the "odor of sanctity" about it, and that his butter would not be in demand unless the Chinaman changed his tactics. Accordingly he interviewed Chung at some length, and the latter gentleman, being as sensitive as "an asp on a leaf" (as our old coachman twists the phrase), decided to leave the ranch at once.

"But you can't go! You shan't go!" cried poor Jack, excitedly. "I won't let you go. I'll raise your wages. I won't pay you a cent, and I won't take you to town till I get another cook to take your place! *Sabe?*"

*Looking down upon
you, the bright-
faced moon*



"All light!" said Chung, philosophically. "You no pay me money? All light; then I go allee same; you no take me town horsee? All light; then I walk." Which he did. As the setting sun flooded the foothills with rosy glory (etc.), he strode down the canyon, bundle over shoulder, as cheerfully as though the nearest village were not twenty miles away.

It was a very painful spectacle, and as we stole a glance at each other's faces, we perceived that our expressions were like unto those in the first carriage at a funeral. We broke into a concerted sigh, and then Ruth ran along the veranda and poked her head into the milkroom.

"Phew! it does 'smell to heaven,' notwithstanding your remark about its lacking the odor of sanctity! It must have smelled some time, too—by the smell—and Mr. Peter's credit is still good, so why couldn't you have let well enough alone? I've no patience with reformers."

"Don't, Ruth!" I said. "I am punished enough, already."

"Not half so badly as you will be later on", she retorted, "for, of course, as it's entirely your fault, you'll be expected to take Chung's place. We can't hurry back to town, simply because no Chinaman can endure your New England style of cooking."

But Jack came to the rescue. "Cheer up, *Madrecita*; don't let your face be 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of shame.' Julian can't go to-morrow, but the next day I'll send him to town for another cook. There must be one more there that I haven't tried. Meanwhile we will support life as best we can. Paul is a genius in flapjacks, and my coffee would make an Arabian's mouth water."

"Jack!" exclaimed Dolly, "I have an idea."

We all assumed expressions of courteous incredulity.

"Don't be foolish, boys! Ruth, I wonder if any sort of woe ever could reduce you to a state of gravity."

"Oh, dear, yes," laughed Ruth, "one hour at a dishpan or two over a cooking-stove will produce the desired effect without fail!"

"Well, then, be serious and listen. Why couldn't we camp out for a few days in some of the lovely places up in the mountains? If we were really living out-doors no one would mind the cooking, and there's a full moon, and we could sleep on the ground and it would be simply charming."

"Oh, you dear, delightful Dolly, what a brilliant thought," cried Ruth. "Wouldn't you like it, Kate? Do say yes, Mr. Peters!"

"Why, I can't think of any special objection," said Jack, good-naturedly. "If you would all like it, of course

we'll go; I have a capital place a few miles up the canyon—a brush hut, a rough dining-table and a lot of other metropolitan luxuries, but I'm half expecting Richard Winslow here to-morrow."

"Oh, how nice!" cried Ruth, tossing her hat in the air with indecorous joy. "We'll take him along with us, and I shall be a human being once more—not an 'extra'. I'm afraid I could exclaim with Abou ben Adhem, 'Write me as one who loves his fellow-men!'"

"I hear you've always been an in-human being, as far as Winslow is concerned," quoth Jack. "I'm glad there's a change of climate in store for him," at which Ruth said nothing.

So, here we are, and I can only wish you were with us. Mr. Winslow arrived and agreed to the trip most willingly. To our chagrin he brought his maiden aunt with him—a predestinate spinster of fifty summers—but we persuaded her to accompany us rather than give up the expedition. (The girls impudently suggested that she would be company for me, as I should probably be a good deal alone. Oh, Hugh I do need your strong right hand these days!) She belongs to one of the first families of Salem, Massachusetts. They all make an obeisance when the family name is mentioned, and have their family portraits painted with halos round their heads.

We all came on horseback save Paul and the aunt, who drove a capacious ranch wagon, with feed for the horses and our provisions and traps.

The tents are pitched at the extreme end of a yellow stubblefield recently shorn of its barley, but the hammock is hung in a sycamore grove fifty feet away.

Behind us is the entrance to a thickly wooded canyon, which is so quiet and romantic a place that it might be under a spell—a fit home for some sleepy, enchanted princess, waiting the magic kiss of her princely lover.

There is always a soft wind stirring the leaves in dreamy music, and above and through this whispered sound you hear the brook plashing over its pebbly bed.

Every few yards the stream settles itself contentedly down into a deep tranquil pool, and the banks on either side of these are fringed with graceful alders and poison-oak bushes, vivid in crimson and yellow leaves, while delicate maiden-hair ferns twine themselves with graybeard

mosses on the damp rocks. Yet with the practicality of human nature we use the most beautiful of these pools for—a dish-pan!

As to our bill of fare, the principal articles in our larder are mutton, potatoes, onions, tomatoes, and Chile peppers. At first these were cooked separately in a civilized manner and placed on the table in different dishes, but after three meals our arbitrary cook insisted on plunging all these diverse materials into one huge pot, which barbarous mixture, when reduced to a shapeless mass, is dignified with the name of "stew". All my appeals are in vain; the aristocratic minority is always silenced, and stew we have for breakfast, dinner and supper. Neither sufficient unto the day is the stew thereof, for if left at night it is warmed over in the morning. Do I suggest baked potatoes for dinner, they sternly point to the old iron pot that hangs o'er the fire. Tomatoes? Corn? Onions? Beets? The same mute response—all our provender sunk in a seething abyss of stew by these Mexican-stomached cooks! Dessert has usually been served separately, but last night I found both peach stones and water-melon seeds in my stew and I have declared war.

The operation of getting the meals and of clearing away after them is somewhat arduous, if one may judge at all by the amount of time consumed. There is so much digres-

sion, you know! (Perhaps digression is as clever a word-vehicle as any other for the accommodation of the frivolities which are sheltered by it.) For instance Dolly and Jack are frequently two hours washing six tin plates, and yesterday Ruth and Dick Winslow took away the dinner dishes and got back to camp with them just in time to set the supper table. I am thankful the aunt came with us. I could never have chaperoned the party unassisted!

Our supper over and the dishes scrubbed, we heap wood on the camp-fire, extend our selves lazily on blankets around its cheerful blaze and pass the evening in singing and story telling. This is delightful enough, but how much more delightful the nights! No one need ever talk to me again of the hardness of the ground, nor the superiority of spring beds. What can be more delicious than three inches of sweet straw underneath you, and looking down upon you through the open door, the



We heap wood on the camp-fire and pass the evening in singing and story telling

(Cont. on page 44)

*Just a pale face, with starv-
ing eyes, peering and peering
into the room*



So far in this story

IN a deserted and, as was said, haunted house to which she comes to hang a May basket in memory of Mrs. Stickney, an old lady who had recently died, "Lucky Penny" (Penelope Stafford, a Girl Scout) is led by a sudden wailing cry to a foundling baby. A note pinned upon the baby's dress reads, "Her name is May. She is a year old today. She is so precious to me that you must know only bitter necessity makes me give her up. Please in mercy keep her and do not send her to an institution." Penny takes charge. She will keep the baby, for the present, anyway. The Chipmunk Girl Scout patrol, who accompanied her, take turns carrying May to Penny's home, for as Penny says, "She may look like a fairy, but she doesn't feel like one". A week or two later Penny takes May in a ramshackle go-cart which has been redecorated in a gay color scheme of red wheels and blue body, to visit Penny's "private venture" in Girl Scouting—Lisbeth, a little crippled girl, who is preparing for the thrilling day when she will become a Brownie. Lisbeth's mother makes her living by typing manuscripts and has very little time to give to her daughter, so that Lisbeth is always delighted to see Penny coming down the walk. Naturally she adores May. It is on returning from this visit that Penny comes home to confront the town constable sitting in the parlor. Penny's heart gives a jump. Settling his spectacles, the constable turns deliberately around upon Penny and May.

"Young lady," he says, "just how comes it you haven't turned over this foundling to the authorities, nor made mention of same?" Penny hands May to her grandmother, and gathers her scattered forces to reply.

Lucky Penny

*Being the third installment of
our Girl Scout mystery serial*

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustrations by the author

III

Penny stood for a moment irresolute; then she turned to Granny.

"Will you amuse the baby for a few minutes, Granny dear?"

The old lady, always willing, rattled a thimble on the end of a pair of scissors to May's intense delight, and Penny bade the constable sit down.

"I didn't know I had to turn her over, Mr. Neap," she said anxiously. "I always thought when you found a baby you just kept it."

"Not so, Miss," said the constable. "The child must be placed at once in the State Asylum. Unless you intend to adopt it. Have you any sech intent?"

Penny sat silent. She had motored past the State Asylum once—way up beyond Northboro. Clearly she remembered the shingle-headed children playing in one bare court, the old men and women shuffling about in another.

"What do you have to do to adopt a child, Mr. Neap?" she asked.

"Come to think of it," he said, "you couldn't. You're a minor, and it's impossible. Now Mrs. Stafford, yon-

der—" he nodded toward Granny, "—how about her having sech intent, hey?"

"What do you have to do?" Penny asked again.

"Well," Mr. Neap reflected, "there's probation, and there's a hull lot of papers, and there's the State Board, and—"

Penny looked dismayed. It had seemed so simple and wonderful a thing—finding this lovely little person and just bringing her home to keep for always. Confronted with the red tape and stern visage of the law, Penny began to wonder if all this was a more serious proposition than it had at first appeared. It was not at all the same, it seemed, as taking in a stray kitten and providing it with a saucer of milk and a snug cushion. Mr. Neap, while he waited for Penny to speak, looked over at May, who was still chuckling and making lunges for Granny's thimble.

"He's a cute little feller," said the constable.

"She's May," said Penny, desolately.

"Oh; my mistake," Mr. Neap said. "Well, young lady, then I shall put in application for her admission to the State Asylum to oncet."

"I suppose you'll have to," said Penny in a low voice, and then broke out suddenly, "Oh, *why* do you have to? Can't she just stay here, even if she isn't adopted? Look how happy she is, and all. They'll starve her and beat her there, I dare say."

Mr. Neap stiffened. "What kind of State d'you think we have, Miss?" he inquired with dignity. "We don't maintain sech movie picture institutions as you describe. The Asylum is conducted in strick accordance with the most modern ideels of ef-ficiency."

But Penny was unimpressed. "It isn't—home," she said.

Nobody had ever before seen Penny Stafford cry. But Babs found her weeping very softly as she put May to bed late that afternoon. Babs had drifted in with half a lemon pie (possibly another donation from Mr. Baxter-the-baker) and was bent on sharing it at once with her idol. But Penny had no eyes for lemon pie, as Babs at once saw.

"Pen,—oh, what is the matter?" said Babs, placing the pie on the floor and then promptly kneeling on it in her haste to comfort Penny. This created a welcome diversion, and by the time Babs and the floor had been mopped up, Penny was quite herself and smiling gaily. But Babs was not to be put off.

"What was the matter, Pen?"

"Nothing," said Penny, and then she looked at May, who was gleefully trying to kick herself out of the covers and shouting, "Nenny! Nenny!" (the nearest she could get to "Penny").

"Oh, Babs, old girl—" Penny said suddenly, "wouldn't it be awful if they should take her away to a poorhouse and shut her up with old women and dirty children?"

"Penny! Why do you think such horribominable ideas? They're not going to."

"But they are. I might as well tell you all. Perhaps some of the other girls' people might take her, if they knew. The constable was here to-day. He's going to take her away."

Babs's eyes were as large as saucers. "But we'll have to stop him! We might surround him—the whole troop—and bind him and carry him off to some lone and dreary forest and maroon him."

"Ever thoughtful, Babs. I'm afraid that would only delay it, however."

Babs felt unable to wrestle with the problem unaided,—she dashed off to make known the catastrophe to as many of Holly Troop as possible. On her hasty way she very nearly upset a woman with whom she collided on the station hill.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," gasped Babs, but the woman did not seem to hear her. She kept looking straight ahead and walking very fast. She was a tall, thin person, who might have been pretty if her black coat had not been so very shabby, and if her chestnut hair had not been so disarranged beneath her cheap little hat. Babs turned to look back at her, she was so odd. She had evidently come off the train, yet she carried no bag, and she walked so fast that sometimes she almost ran. Babs turned and posted off in the opposite direction to break the news to Emmadean and Nan and Elinor and Madge of the dreadful fate hanging over the beloved mascot of Holly Troop.

Dusk was falling among the

elms when the strange woman reached the top of the hill where stood the deserted Stickney house. She walked up and down several times before its old iron gate, looking ever and again toward the dim white facade and the unlighted windows. Once she advanced half way up the flagged path and stood there, hands clasped tightly, staring as if to pierce the twilit walls. Then with one courageous burst she ran up the steps and knocked. The door swung open at the touch of her knuckles, revealing the dark hall, and making her start back in terror. Timidly she raised her voice and sent a very uncertain cry into the gloom.

"Is—any one there?"

Only the waiting stillness of an old empty house answered her. With one long gasp she entered—looked this way and that—touched the gathered dust on the hall table; then, with a little cry, darted toward the library. There, in falling darkness, she sought wildly on the faded sofa, beneath it, behind chairs, under curtains. She sped into other rooms,—upstairs, where the silence and the dark swallowed her; then down, to stumble out at the front door with a little moaning.

"Empty! Oh, my heavens! Empty!"

She tottered down the walk beneath the proud, unfriendly elms and into the twilit lane.

School was over for the summer. Penny, unwilling to let May out of her sight for a moment, lest the constable descend and carry her off, had ensconced the baby on a pile of sweaters in the Chipmunks' corner of the Barn during a Girl Scout meeting. Not that she stayed there. As a creeper, May was by this time unexcelled. She crept valiantly the length and breadth of the Barn; she even crept up behind the Captain, who was teaching

a country dance with one foot off the ground, and curled herself around the Captain's other ankle.

"It felt," said the Captain, after order had been restored, "exactly as if an octopus had suddenly emerged from a crack and wrapped itself around me!"

May was then tethered by two Girl Scout ropes. Babs did the hitching, and she was fearfully proud of herself because the ropes were joined by a reef-knot, with a bowline at May's end and a clove-hitch at the other. She kept calling attention to this fact from time to time,—till Elinor tied a bowline to her and dragged her the length of the Barn.

Penny could dance country dances with the best. But to-day it seemed to Holly Troop that she did not skip her "hey" quite so lightly as usual, "run a gypsy" with such abandon, nor "set and turn single" (Cont. on p. 30)



"They'll starve and beat her, I dare say"

Sure enough,
there was a girl
just coming in at
the gate



"And a Dark Lady—"

When the strange girl came in at the gate, little did "the crowd" dream of the train of events close upon her heels

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER

Illustrations by Esther Andrews

with a careful finger, "a journey—a long journey—" "A ship!" interrupted Ted, with a dramatic gesture. "A storm. Shipwreck. A desert island. Beautiful young girl rescued by—"

"Oh, keep still," said Dorothy. "If you interrupt again we'll gag you. Go on, Aunt Abby."

"A journey," went on Aunt Abby calmly, "but not by water. I see a prairie dotted with brilliant flowers—a ranch, perhaps, or is it a school? No, it's a home. I see a man—"

"I hope he's not an idiot like Ted," said Fay, giggling.

"He is not," replied Aunt Abby with conviction. "He seems to be a tiller of the soil—"

Ted laughed joyfully. "Gee! Can't you see Fay washing milk pails and feeding poultry?"

"I certainly cannot," Aunt Abby answered somewhat sternly. "I should say that she was instructing the young—a teacher perhaps, or a mother."

This time Jimmy winked openly. Fay is one of those girls you just can't imagine settling down; but now the glance she cast on Jimmy was as blighting as any of Aunt Abby's.

"Laugh if you like," she said, in a way that showed she was terribly impressed, "but there's more to this palm business than you'd think. Believe it or not, but only this morning Mother had a letter from Uncle James—he's a Colorado cattle man, you know. He said they needed a teacher for the district school, and wanted to know if I'd like to try it. Of course, I hadn't made up my mind, but—"

"But if there's a worthy tiller of the soil at the end of that prophetic journey," grinned Ted, "it's worth considering. Aunt Abby, you're a second Chiero. Try me next. I'm burning to know what wild adventures are waiting me out in the great world."

"It would be more polite of you to suggest that I see the ladies first, young man," replied Aunt Abby calmly, "but I rather think it will be a relief to get rid of you."

She took Ted's hands and regarded them as carefully as she had Fay's. "I fail to discover any wild adventures," she continued. "Your life line is long, and I see a happy marriage—an early marriage, I should say."

Perhaps it was my imagination, but I was sure Ted turned his head the fraction of an inch, to see how that struck me, but I pretended to look the other way.

"But there is a troubled courtship," went on Aunt Abby after a thoughtful pause. "You will be led into some great extravagance by a designing woman. And a dark lady—the lady of your heart—"

"Gosh!" came from Jimmy in an awed whisper. "She's here!"

We all turned suddenly, and sure enough, there was a girl just coming in the gate. She was dark, too, with a sort of Spanish darkness that was terribly attractive. At first glance I thought she was quite old—twenty-four at least, but as she came nearer I saw that she was younger. She was carrying a suitcase, a sort of cheap-looking affair.

IT was Sunday afternoon, and the crowd was seated on the Wards' piazza, our customary meeting place when nothing more thrilling was in progress. There were six of us: Dorothy and Ted Ward, who live with their Aunt Abby, Jimmy Leonard, Marjorie White (who likes Jim), Fay Gilson, and, incidentally, myself.

I'm Janet—Janet Page, to be exact, and the youngest member of the crowd except Jimmy, who, though two years my senior, is really years younger at twenty-one than I am at nineteen. At any rate, he seems a baby beside Ted Ward, who for the last year has had a job in a Boston bank. We'd been discussing Harvard Class Day, which had taken place the week before, and having exhausted our subject, and no one being inspired with a new one, the conversation was lagging when the Wards' aunt appeared in the doorway. I guess she saw that things were pretty dull, for she said:

"Want me to read your palms?"

You ought to have seen the change in the atmosphere! If she'd set off a fire cracker in our midst it wouldn't have waked us up more thoroughly. That's just like Aunt Abby. She's sixty if she's a day, but she's just as young as any of us girls. Jimmy jumped and offered her his chair, which happened to be in the center of the group, and we all felt as if we'd received a new lease on life. Fay was sitting nearest, so Aunt Abby (we all call her Aunt Abby), tackled her first. She took both her hands—compared them, and looked so business-like that Jimmy nudged me and winked. Aunt Abby caught the tail end of the wink, and said soberly, "You may laugh, Jimmy Leonard, but this is science, not guess work. You'll believe me when I get 'round to you."

She turned back to Fay and apparently became lost in thought.

"Haven't you got to cross the palm with silver?" inquired Ted, grinning. "That Gypsy fortune-teller at the State Fair wouldn't part with a single fact till she got her quarter. She said it was very important."

Aunt Abby's glance should have withered him—but it didn't. It would take more than a glance to wither Ted. "I see," she said, tracing the lines on Fay's palm

For just a minute I thought she was selling something, and by the time I remembered it was Sunday, she had reached the steps.

"Does Miss Abby Wheelock live here?" she asked, in a lovely contralto voice that sent a shiver up my spine.

Aunt Abby arose, though she looked surprised at the question. The girl had opened a gaudy bead bag, and pulled out a letter. Ted reached for it and handed it to Aunt Abby, at the same time offering the girl his chair. As he did so I had an awful premonition of evil. I could see that he was very much impressed. I didn't blame him, either. The girl was a beauty, and she had a pathetic droop to her mouth that would develop almost any boy's sympathetic tendencies. Aunt Abby had put on her glasses and was reading the note. It looked something like the letters Armenian peddlers used to bring—a little soiled, and signed by ministers; but as Aunt Abby read it her jaw actually dropped, and she looked at the girl in real astonishment.

"You don't mean that you're Adele Stewart's own daughter?"

The girl nodded, and dashed her handkerchief across her eyes. "Mother thought," she said, controlling her emotion, "that for old time's sake you'd look out for me until I got started on my—my career. But if it's inconvenient—"

"My dear child," interrupted Aunt Abby cordially, "your mother was my girlhood friend. Do you imagine that I'd let a thing like inconvenience keep me from taking care of her little girl? Of course you shall stay with us!

Dorothy, run up and take your evening gowns out of the guest room closet. Come, dearie, I'll show you where to put your things."

The stranger gave vent to a little sigh of relief, and Aunt Abby's comfortable arm went round her as she drew her into the coolness of the house. I glanced at Ted. He was gazing after that girl as if he saw a vision. My heart sank.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "as long as you've got unexpected company, we'd better go."

I don't know what made me say it, because the crowd always had Sunday supper at the Wards', but Ted hardly heard me. It was Jimmy Leonard who replied.

"Go?" he exclaimed. "Just when that pippin has blown in! Not on your life! If Aunt Abby begrudges me my supper I'll scoot home for a sandwich; but as for leaving at the very minute the dark lady appears upon the scene—"

He laid his hand feelingly upon his heart, while Mar-

jorie suggested a little coldly, "Perhaps she's the designing woman who'll lead Ted into some great extravagance."

"Or she may be the dark lady of his heart," said Fay. "He certainly acts as if she'd made a great impression."

That brought Ted back to earth, but he didn't answer because Dot appeared just then, all excited.

"Here's the note! Auntie said I might read it to you: 'Havana, Cuba. Dearest Abbikins,' (that's what Adele's mother used to call Aunt Abby). 'This will introduce my little Adele, who is going to the States to study. She is starting unexpectedly and much earlier than we had planned, as she has not been well and the doctor thought that she needed the sea voyage. Hence I had not time to ask you to meet her, but am trusting that you will look out for her when she arrives, and help her to find suitable accommodations in the city. I shall anxiously await a line from you. Adele has never been away from home and may be a trifle homesick. Be good to her, Abby, for the sake of auld lang syne. Your devoted Adeline.'

"Isn't it romantic?" said Dorothy. "Aunt Abby hadn't seen the mother for years. She married an engineer or something, and has lived in the tropics ever since. Of course Auntie has heard from her occasionally, but old friends do drift apart, you know. Aunt Abby says Adele doesn't look a bit like her mother. She was quite fair, but the father is dark. I think it's going to be real exciting having another girl right in the same house."

Well—I'll say it was! It seemed queer, but Adele had brought only a suitcase. Of course, she did start hurriedly, and she said her mother thought she could buy things cheaper here, and that Aunt Abby would help her select them. The worst thing was that she'd had her pocket

picked when she left the boat, but Aunt Abby lent her money and Dot had a gorgeous time shopping with her. She said it was just like buying a trousseau. Adele wrote to her people about the money, and Aunt Abby wrote a perfect volume, saying how glad she was to have a companion for Dorothy, and how much they liked Adele.

Things were pretty gay that next month, but for some reason I didn't enjoy myself as much as usual. It was plain that Ted was taking Aunt Abby's palm reading seriously, and that "the dark lady" was making a big impression. I never saw him

rush a girl the way he did Adele. Perhaps that's why I didn't have a better time, because Ted and I had been accustomed to pairing off—not foolishly, you know, but when there was anything on I could usually count on him for an escort, and now I—couldn't.

I think it troubled Aunt Abby. I caught her glancing at me once or twice, as if she wanted to see how I took it; but I guess I managed to look, well, if not cheerful, at least indifferent.

But the better I came to know Adele, the more I wondered what Ted saw in her. Ted's something of a student—likes good books and all that, and Adele seemed to have no ideas in her head save those connected with clothes and a good time. The School of Oratory, which



I little thought what excitement I was headed for when we sat down as usual on the porch

she meant to enter, didn't open till September, and in the meantime she seemed perfectly content to make herself at home with Aunt Abby, Ted, and Dorothy—especially Ted. I sometimes thought that if he'd had any inclination to escort anybody else occasionally, she wouldn't have given him the chance. It was, "You'll look after poor little me, won't you, Teddy?" And stuff like that, six days out of the seven. I wondered that he didn't see through it, but then, Ted is terribly human and Adele was distractingly pretty.

She'd been there three weeks when the cable came. We were on the Wards' piazza again—just Dot, Aunt Abby, Adele and I, when the telegraph boy turned in the gate. I happened to be looking at Adele, and saw that she lost every bit of color. She said afterwards that she thought it was bad news from home, but all the message said was, (It was addressed to Aunt Abby), "Is Adele sick? No letters."

We didn't know what to make of it because Adele had written every week, big, thick letters, too. It seemed strange that they should all have gone astray, but there was no other solution to the puzzle. Aunt Abby replied at once that Adele was all right and had written; and Adele herself spent the rest of the afternoon over a letter. I offered to mail it on my way home, but she wouldn't trust it to any one. She carried it to the office herself, and later I saw her walking home with Ted. I suppose she met his train.

There was a dance at the Country Club next night, and Dot called up to say that they'd stop for me as they went along. If I'd consulted my own feelings I'd have stayed at home, but I was afraid they'd think I was peevish about Ted, so I said I'd go.

It's a long ride to the club. It came to me as I sat on the back seat between Dot and Fay, and looked at the back of Ted's head, that this was the first time I'd ever gone to a club dance without occupying the place beside him, which was now Adele's. It gave me a sort of gone feeling inside, and I wished I'd worn a new gown instead of my old organdie—not that a gown would really make much difference. Ted was too far gone for that; but, at least, it might have made him sit up and take notice.

I didn't exactly enjoy that dance, though I wasn't a wall-flower. I'm never that, thanks to long years of instruction in tripping the light fantastic; but my gown was *old*, and Adele was wearing a perfectly ripping evening dress—one that Dot had helped her select. As for Ted, I don't think he saw anybody *but* Adele. It was after intermission before he even came near me, and I was thankful I could say I was engaged to the bitter end. He flushed, and looked sort of rattled as he said in a nervous voice:

"I'm sorry, Janet. I'll cut in on some one later on."
"Oh, please don't," I replied innocently. "You know how I hate to split my dances." But just then Adele went by with Jimmy, and Ted didn't even hear!

Dorothy came over next day with her sewing. Dot's a dear, but I couldn't help feeling that she came because she was sorry for me, and that made me mad. We didn't say much about the dance, but suddenly she burst out, "Look here, Janet, what do you think of—of Adele?"

I was surprised out of my skin. It seemed, all things considered, a queer question from Dot of all people; but I answered with a lot of false enthusiasm, "Adele? She's charming—of course."

Dot drew a quick breath. "Yes. I suppose she is, but sometimes she makes me furious."

"Why?" I snipped off a thread and tried not to show how interested I was.

"For one thing," said Dot firmly, "she won't make her own bed. She leaves it for me—or Aunt Abby. I suppose it's the way she's been brought up—lots of servants, and all that; but—but I tell you, Janey, she gets on my nerves."

I had to smile, Dot was so terribly in earnest. "Well," said I, plunging into a cold dip, "it looks as if you were going to keep her in the family."

To my surprise Dot's face turned crimson. "Not if I can help it," she said. "Not if Ted sees her bureau in the morning. What—Oh, I know it's awful to say such things about a guest. Aunt Abby would kill me; but when I went up this morning, what do you think I found lying on her hair brush—all covered with talcum powder and, and everything? A—a banana skin!"

I laughed. I laughed as I hadn't laughed in weeks. Aunt Abby is the pink of neatness, and so is Dot. The idea of a guest abusing the sweet daintiness of their spare room, was tragically funny. Dot laughed too, but rather half-heartedly.

"Janey," she coaxed, "put on your new lavender voile and come home to supper with me. There's a dear."

I wouldn't have done it for a million dollars. I wouldn't let Ted Ward think I'd lift a finger to cut out his beautiful inamorata—not even to save him from eternally brushing his hair over old banana skins.

"I'd love to, Dorothy," I said calmly, "but I'm awfully tired after the dance and must get to bed."

I think Dot understood, for she added, as she reached the door, "Well, Janet, then come to-morrow. Adele's going to a matinee with Ted in Boston, and we'll have a cozy time all by ourselves."

(Continued on p. 38)



I was thankful I could tell Ted I was engaged to the bitter end



The great-grandmother and great-grandfather of Grace Poppleton, Age 15, Troop 1, Portland, Ore., who won Honorable Mention in our Pioneer Contest

Tales of Courage and Daring

*Being stories of American pioneers as related by
Girl Scouts in our Pioneer Contest*

My Own Pioneer (from a Friend)

By LILLIAN ROTH, Age 14, Troop 10, Casper, Wyoming

ALTHOUGH I am a girl, I have lived the life of a boy. I was born in Illinois in eighteen fifty. I was the only child in our family.

When I was ten years old, my father decided to go west to Wyoming and make our future home at Fort Casper. Dad bought two ox-teams and a covered wagon. He had planned with mother long ago, but had never really made up his mind. For a week mother and I were very busy packing, while Dad sharpened his saws and axes and prepared for our long journey. We were going with a long train of wagons. On the morning set, we started off, and as we turned the bend, there were tears in my eyes, as I took one last look at my old home and best friends.

I soon got used to the hardships of living outdoors. We often met many fierce tribes of Indians. When we would see the Indians coming, we would form a circle with our wagons and the men would lie underneath the wagons and shoot. Many a time my father was struck by an arrow,

but he would soon recover. Once one of our wagons was set on fire by the Indians. A few of our men were killed.

One afternoon, as we were riding along peacefully, we noticed a massive black cloud far to the east. The men spoke quickly and were very much afraid. They said that there would be a cyclone any minute. We brought our wagons very close together and unhitched the oxen from the wagons. We were all prepared for the terrible cyclone, which was soon to come. I was very much afraid, as I had never seen a cyclone before. The cyclone came and passed and I will never forget it. The cyclone did a lot of damage. It ruined two of the best wagons we had. After the cyclone had passed, snow began to fall, which meant we must select a good place, and prepare for the winter. In two days' journey we had selected a good place for the winter, next to a small river, and near a large green forest.



A picture taken some years ago of Marion Alexander and her grandfather who told her many pioneer stories. Marion is a Girl Scout in Akron, Ohio, age 13, Troop 10

We lived in our wagons, while we built our log cabins. I helped my father cut and haul the logs to our cabins. We cut notches in them and put them together, pasting them with

clay. Our home consisted of one room. My father had brought greased paper along for our windows, but we had only enough for two windows.

We finally had our house built, after a month of good, hard, and tedious labor. Then we set traps along the river and caught many beavers, the skins of which we hung on the walls and laid on the floors to keep the cold out. We had a large stone fireplace, which threw off much heat. Among the things we lacked were more dishes, and so at night dad and I would sit before the fire and mould dishes out of clay, which we had gathered during the day. We finally had enough strong clay dishes.

The days were short, but even so, we children got very tired staying in all day long. My mother told me to ask dad to help me make a toboggan and some snowshoes. During the daytime, after that, we would be out gathering the right kind of wood. At night we would sit on the hearth and make them. At last they were done, and I was very proud of them, too. We children were out all day long, and didn't even want to come in for our meals. We had very much fun.

One day my dad said that I must learn to shoot, so we started off into the deep green forest. We soon came upon some tracks of deer, and saw them browsing on the limbs of some trees. My father told me to be very quiet for the least sound would set them going. My father fixed the gun, put it to my shoulder, and pointed it straight at the largest deer. I shot and struck the deer. It fell over with a thump. I highly prized the skin as it was the first thing I had ever shot. Once in a while after that, we would see large herds of deer and buffalo, and I would always try to get at least one. We set many traps all during the winter and we got many skins.

Spring finally came after a long, hard, enduring winter. Dad said that we must soon start westward again. The next month was spent repairing our wagons and such things.

We soon started and met only two tribes of Indians for the rest of our journey. We reached Fort Casper and were very glad, too. Even after we reached Fort Casper, we still had many hardships. We often had terrible fights with the Shoshone Indians. Fort Casper is not

what it used to be. It has grown many times as large as it was when I came. I am an old lady now, but how well I yet remember those days of peril and hardships.

A Scout of the Year 1800

From My Own Family

By ROSALIND MARBLE

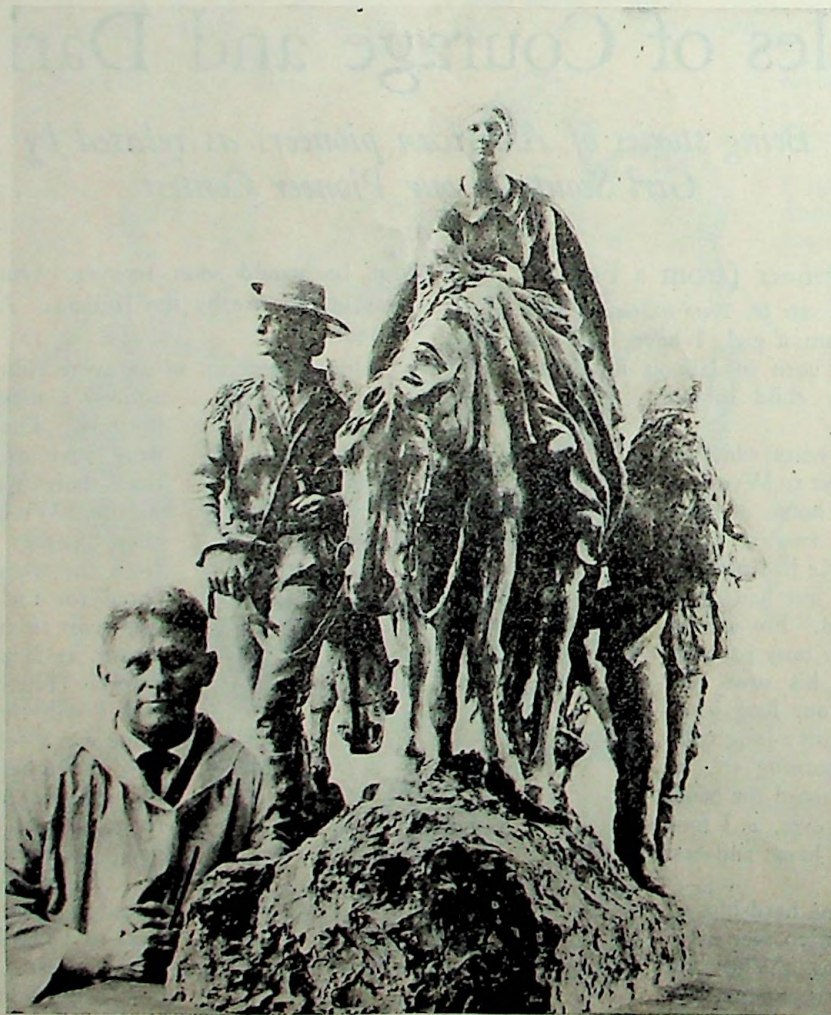
Age 13, Troop 42, Cleveland, Ohio

As I listen to the stories about my great-great-grandmother I know there were Girl Scouts in her day as well as in mine. Her unwritten slogan was preparedness. Each day she lived for service and thrift.

My great-great-grandparents, Seth Dunbar and Anna McCulloch, were wedded in Pelham, Massachusetts, in 1800; and their honeymoon trip was a quest for a home in central New York State where, some years later, they helped settle the village of Marcellus. Her brother had, previous to 1800 taken up a section of government land there and encouraged them to come west.

So off they started in a wagon with their pots and kettles, clothing and bedding, bags of Indian meal and potatoes, flax wheel, warming-pan and grandfather's clock. This wagon, or ox-cart, was an early form of the covered wagon. It had a boat-like bottom which prevented baggage slipping when going over the mountain roads, was canvas-covered and drawn by a yoke of slow-moving, patient oxen. The distance was about two hundred miles leading through the Berkshire Hills and Mohawk Valley.

Although the trail was blazed, travel through the rough hills and forests was toilsome and dangerous. Scattered remnants of once powerful Indian tribes still lingered around the streams and lakes. Trappers and hunters roamed through the wilderness in lawless freedom. The trail led within a few miles of the spot where had occurred, not long since, the terrible massacre of Cherry Valley. There were no turnpikes and no navigable rivers that could be followed westward. Travel generally was on horseback and many were going by the ride-and-tie system; that is two men started out with one horse. The first would ride for a mile or so, dismount, tie the



"The Pioneer Mother", done by Plumister Proctor, noted sculptor, to be erected in Memorial Park, Kansas City, Mo. Mr. Proctor, whom you see here, is father of one of our Girl Scout Local Directors, Miss Hester Proctor of Riverside, Cal.

(Cont. on p. 42)

For Girl Scouts Everywhere

Our Eleventh Annual Convention in Boston

IF your Captain or Commissioner or Local Director or any Council member in your town attended our Eleventh Annual Convention in Boston, see her as soon as you can and ask her to tell you about it. Better still, invite her to troop meeting, listen to her story, then ask her questions to your heart's content. For some day, when you yourself are a Girl Scout leader, you will be a delegate to a Girl Scout Convention. So "be prepared". In all probability, the delegate from your town will begin with, "It will be impossible to tell you everything that happened, but I shall do my best". Which is our feeling too.

Yet from the many events there remain pictures which we who were there shall always have with us. There is the picture of the opening session when in the large ball room of the Somerset Hotel, there assembled hundreds of Girl Scout leaders. As they stood for the Girl Scout opening ceremony, there entered with the color guard, our President, Mrs. Herbert Hoover; our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low; our Director, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin; Dean Sarah Louise Arnold, long a member of our National Executive Board and our newly elected President; Mrs. Arthur Hartt, the Commissioner of Massachusetts, who had spent many months working that this Convention might be what indeed it was—a time of inspiration and joy to all who were there. With these, our National Girl Scout leaders, were others—the Governor of Massachusetts, and a representative of the Mayor of Boston. Together we repeated the opening ceremony, then listened to the Governor's greetings, to Mrs. Low's gracious reply, to Mrs. Hartt's cordial welcome, and to Mrs. Hoover's message. Together we stood in solemn tribute to Mrs. V. Everit Macy, for eight years a member of our National Executive Board and always a friend of girls everywhere. Together we listened to the words eloquently spoken in her memory by Dean Arnold.

Could you have been at this opening session, you the Girl Scouts, would have thrilled with pride for the splendid women who are our leaders. Meeting together in Boston, coming from all parts of the United States, our delegates had one high purpose—to make the best possible plans for Girl Scouting during the coming year.

The picture of the afternoon session which followed was typical of all others during the week. Our president, Mrs. Hoover, ably presided. Our National Director, Mrs. Rippin, told us of what had happened during the past year and of her hopes for the future. Then to Mrs. Rippin's word was added that of the delegates, speaking for various sections of the country. At once any visitor



A notable Convention group—from left to right, Mrs. Arthur Choate, Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, Mrs. Juliette Low, Mrs. Wein-gaents Francken, Mrs. Herbert Hoover

realized that Girl Scouting belongs to us all, that each of us, in her way, is helping to make it what it is.

And it is the impression of *togetherness* and of *sharing* that remains with those of us who were there, as picture after picture passes before us in retrospect. Together our regions had separate meetings, to talk over the many Girl Scout happenings of the past year and to decide which were most worth while to report to the entire Convention. Together we later met while representatives from each of the regions told of what the Girl Scouts in their

part of the country had been doing. Perhaps it was your Garden Contest which was described; your camp; your bird sanctuary; your Christmas party—ask your delegate friend. For many hours were absorbingly spent in relating and in hearing these stories.

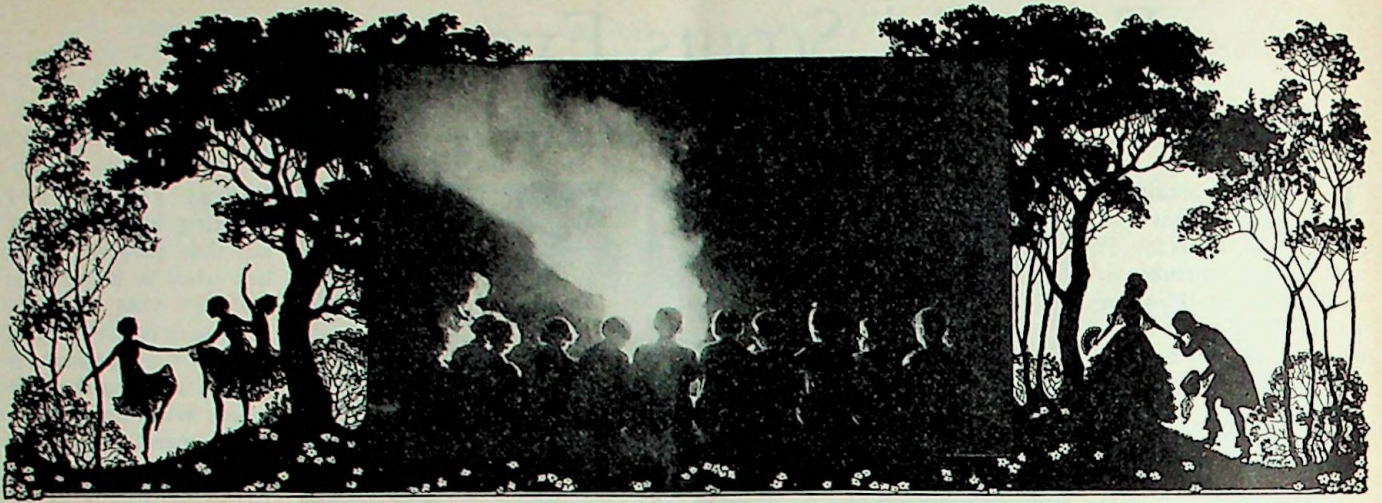
Together we talked of training courses for our leaders, of our camps, of our magazine. And always every delegate felt free to give her own suggestions for them all. Yes, they were very like your own troop meetings, these Convention sessions of ours. With the same difficulty that you, too, often find—the time was all too short for everything we wished to do.

Like a troop meeting, too, were many of the questions that were discussed. There was the budget—what troop does not very frequently talk over this matter of money and how to raise it! And just as your troop needs equipment, so our National Girl Scout Headquarters needs equipment, even though it be somewhat different from that of your troop. And just as you all say what you think about the amount of money your troop needs and how it is to be raised, so the delegates of the Convention voted upon the amount of the national budget and how it is to be raised.

But business sessions did not consume the entire time of our Convention any more than they do the entire time of your troop. When Mrs. Hoover first spoke to us, he said she hoped we should have as much fun as she knew she would, during Convention week. And we did!

We found time to visit the historic spots of Boston. We were entranced with the beauty of the Gardner Museum, opened especially for us, one lovely afternoon, through the thoughtfulness of our Boston Hostesses. We made merry at a banquet, when Mrs. Arthur Choate, our Toast Mistress, presided with scintillating wit; when our Founder told inimitably funny stories (ask her for some when she visits you!); when we realized anew the many friends of Girl Scouting—through the greetings of

(Continued on page 33)



Around the Camp-fire

With Oleda Schrottkey

Decoration by Ila McAtee

HAVE you ever been waked on a fine morning by the smell of lilacs or the chattering of birds in the maples outside your window? You have been, of course, and were out of bed with a bound and realized that summer had come. You wondered if the woman washing the window in the house opposite knew it. There were dozens of little poems and songs in your head but they wouldn't write down when you got your pad and pencil. There was nothing to do but dash into the garden and seize a leaf of lettuce for Dickie, the little canary. It would be all right to ask him if he knew that summer was here because Dickie would hop about his cage and tug merrily at the lettuce.

And then there is camp! There is that glorious moment when you awaken in your tent, with the sun shining in your eyes and the cool freshness of morning everywhere in the air. There is evening, when the stars first glimmer out, and you are alone on the edge of the woods, looking up at the sky through dark branches. You feel that you must share these moments with your friends. Yet how? For when you try to put them into words, the words aren't there. It is then that our friends, the poets, help us with the lovely poems they have written about flowers and birds and trees. You have but to search a bit and you will find a poem that expresses just what you, yourself, have felt. And that poem you may read aloud at camp-fire time.

Mr. Harry Kemp tells us in the following little poem that he too felt on a fine morning that all the world must be told summer is here. You will find this poem and many others in *Star Points*, a collection edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards and published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Tell All the World

Tell all the world that summer's here again,
That white clouds voyage through a sky so still
With blue tranquillity, it seems to hang
One windless tapestry, from hill to hill.

Tell all the world that summer's here again:
Folk go about so solemnly and slow,
Walking each one his grooved and ordered way—
I fear that, otherwise, they will not know!

Have you ever watched a humming bird in the holly-

hocks, and wondered how such a fragment could hold so much star light, so much rainbow? Mr. Kemp has done this, too, and has put his thoughts into this exquisite verse, which you will also find in the book, *Star Points*.

The Humming Bird

The sunlight speaks, and its voice is a bird:
It glimmers half-guessed, half-seen, half-heard,
Above the flower-bed, over the lawn . . .
A flashing dip, and it is gone,
And all it lends to the eye is this—
A sunbeam giving the air a kiss.

Another poem quite as delicate and exquisite as "The Hummingbird" is "The Sweet Pea" by M. F. Butts.

Sweet Pea

Why I love you so is plain to see—
You are the dearest flower of all, sweet pea!
A bit of purple cloud caught on a stalk;
A rosy vapor floating up and down my garden walk.
The spirit of a flower with wings for flight,
Yet held by clinging roots for our delight.
A lovely type you are of souls, ah me!
Earth-bound yet ever reaching up, sweet pea.

But what makes you gladdest of all is that all things love you. If not, how could the flowers, birds, the cows in the meadow, look so happy at you as you pass? Ah! they are confident of a friend. It is almost as though William H. Davies the poet, had walked beside you, for he has written the following poem, which is also to be found in

Nature's Friend

Say what you like,
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one
To touch their wings—
With Wind and Sun.
(Continued on page 40)

Have You a Camp Paper?

By VIRGINIA MOORE

CAMP is a sort of stamping ground for all delightful things—the smell of balsam and wild tansy, “the cool silver shock” of a lake plunge, the challenge of a mountain trail, the rhythmic blurb of a canoe paddle, and sometimes—if you are lucky—a half hour after taps, the cry of a wild duck. But what among so many joys can compare to a July camp-fire, when a clear voice reads the weekly camp “log”, written *about* and *for* and *by* the very girls who now sit, cross-legged, around the red and blue tongues of a pine-log flame?

This weekly record of camp life may be a mimeographed or shapirographed pamphlet with editorials, society notes, news items, cartoons, columns, and a funny page, exactly like a sure-nough newspaper; it may be a thin magazine-like “log” with a form as special and your-very-own as the camp it represents. In either case, like tent-bunks that tip and hot potatoes baked on red coals and clammy, early morning dips, it is an indispensable part of camp. If you have been hobbling along without a camp paper, you will wish to start one this very summer. If you already publish a paper every week or so, you will want to enlarge it and improve it.

What makes a good camp paper? More than one camp editor has chewed the rubber on her pencil and asked herself that question. The answer is simple enough. Every camp paper must have a camp *tang*, a camp *smack*, a camp *smell*. This is obtained in only one way: by being concrete first, last, and in the middle; by naming particular girls, by detailing particular events, by discussing particular problems. As a title for a hike write-up, a reporter on the *Bonnie Brae Echoes*, camp paper of the Springfield, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts, hit upon “Tramp, Tramp, Tramp.” Excellent! Much better than a trite and generalized heading like “A Pleasant Hike” or “A Trip to the Falls.” Another Girl Scout “log” displays this heading: “One Cork, Three Stringbeans, and a Snicker.” Who wouldn’t scramble to solve the riddle of beans and corks and snickers by reading the article which follows? What cork, you cry? Medicine bottle or fishing? Who’s giggling? And what in the world have stringbeans to do with it all?

This secret of concreteness, which turns flabby words into colorful, electrifying titles, works just as magically in the articles themselves. All overnight hikes, for instance, are more or less alike. The girls pack their knapsacks, take to the open road, chatter, and go to sleep dog-tired. Those facts, then, are not the best material for an article in your “log”. It is the unusual facts which make juicy and interesting reading for a Girl Scout camper. It is the way Mamie looked when she found, at the top of Lion Mountain, that raisins and peanuts and chocolate, washed down with a paltry orange, were the only rations. It is the baby porcupine which you discovered caught between two rocks. It is an adventurous midnight rain which roused the party from their poncho beds in a timothy field and sent them scurrying to a rickety barn. It is the little characteristic sayings of your councillors and the fruits which seem to look like certain girls in camp. It is the beauty of slim birch trees which remind you of white, lighted candles. These things add flavor to a paper, just



The cover design for the camp issue of “The Signal”, the Girl Scout paper of Cleveland, Ohio. This sketch shows one of the girls’ favorite camp spots, where they often meet for council. It was designed and cut into a wood block by Doris Jane Adams, the camp’s handicraft councillor

as salt and pepper and a sprinkling of mushrooms add flavor to an ordinary omelette.

The mentioning of particular girls’ names is a side issue which no smart editor will forget. Every normal girl likes to see her name in the paper. Foolish, you say. Perhaps—but at least it is an innocent and human foible, and one easily justified. To see your name in print or to hear it read out, to the crackling accompaniment of a camp-fire, gives you that warm, “I belong” feeling. If an article says, “Janice Huff, who came to camp as skinny as a mosquito, is going home as sleek and fat as a brown partridge,” not only Janice Huff, but every one who knows Janice, smiles with pleasure and amusement.

The rule of concreteness is no more important than the rule of balance. To mirror camp accurately, a weekly must be as charmingly varied as camp life itself. An always-sober chronicle bores the most literary camper. It is as dry as crackers without milk, when you want to whistle. A “log” whose sole aim, from the first joke to the last quip, is to be funny, degenerates, soon, into mere silliness. But even worse is the camp newspaper which is so sanctimonious and stiff-jointed that it is forever harping on “the lessons in flowers” and scorns to print a joke on Margie Coffin and Ann Carruthers who met a skunk at dusk on Pinkum’s Hill. A good paper, then, must be newsy, reverent, funny, and artistic, “all in one smash”.

Nothing endears a group of girls to each other more quickly than humor. Laughter is perhaps the strongest ally of good fellowship. In the lush midsummer, it flickers through hill-top tents, swings mischievously along trails, and flops off spring boards with a splash and a spray of lake

(Continued on page 36)

FOREST NOTES

By GEORGE M. NEWELL

Decorations by Erick Berry

"Hi-ooo-hooooooooooooooooo!"

This is not the first line to the Alutian National Anthem. And it is not the beginning of a spooky ghost story, either. No, it's just the way a certain Girl Scout yawned the other morning when the bugle woke her from a warm, comfy, khaki blanketed bed.

Now this is strictly secret (but I know that you won't tell). You see, Mrs. Edey happened to hear this Girl Scout "hi-ooo-hooooooooo-ing".

"Don't you like having a bugle wake you in the morning?" asked Mrs. Edey.

"Oh, I don't really mind, you know," replied the Girl Scout, "but somehow, the morning bugle doesn't mean much to me. Just a silly toot-y-de-toot".

No more was said about it at the time. But that night Mrs. Edey dreamed that the bugle came alive and sang a song—a real Girl Scout Rising Song. When Mrs. Edey awoke, she wrote down the words—and here they are, together with their English folk song tune. When the hi-ooo-hooooooooooooooooo-ing Girl Scout heard this song she shouted with joy, "Oh, that's great! Now it'll be

heaps more fun to have the bugle wake me in the morning."

Last month I told you why I thought folk tunes were the best ones to use as melodies for Girl Scout words. And, if you will remember, I said that this month there was to be a contest. Well, here it is. The tune to which you are to write the words is the lively Frnch folk song on this page. Try it over and tuck it safely away in your head. Hum it to yourself until you know it well. Now begin to think of *what kind* of patrol song will best fit in with the tune that this is. Think over what you do in your patrol. Next, write two verses about it and your Song Contest Song will be ready.

Remember this about our Contest:

1. All songs must be sent to the Song Contest Editor, care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Ave., New York City, before August first.

2. Each song must be a two-verse Patrol song.

3. Write at the top of the page your name, age, address and troop number. To the best song will be awarded a copy of our new Girl Scout Song Book, autographed by Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, our National Director. The best song will also be published in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Rising Song

From A Book of Songs
For Unison and Part Singing
Concord Series No. 14

Tune: An English Folk Song
Words by Mrs. B. O. Edey

p

Ear- ly one morn- ing just as the sun was ris- ing

mf

I heard a bu- gle say: "Oh get up out of bed!"

mp

Cook stoves are glow- ing, Whis- tles are blow- ing,

mf

Come and put your clothes on, Get up you slee- py head!"

Copyright 1914 by E. C. Schirmer Music Co. (used by permission)

Make Your Own Camp Memory Book

DIDN'T you bring home a whole lot of treasures from last summer's camp, snapshots and leaf-prints and camp recipes and sketches and bits of this and that, each to remind you of a particular bit of fun you had? And didn't you mean to paste them all carefully in a nice book that you could hand easily to a friend and say, "Oh, yes, everything we did last summer is right here"? Only there never seemed to be just the proper sized note-book anywhere, and the pictures were a little dog-eared and the leaves were a little crumpled when they came out of your dunnage bag. But it was a good idea, wasn't it? So why not make your own memory book before you start to camp this year? Or during the first week of camp? Or, for that matter, why not make one at home if you aren't going to camp? Then it will be ready for your troop treasures next fall.

We made one at Camp Chaparral in California and sent it to the Campers' Conference and your Editor liked it—perhaps because it was washable!—enough to say, "How did you do it?" And we had an awful time remembering, because, like Topsy, it just grew to fit the occasion, and somebody had used the oilcloth because she liked the color, and some one else found the cover in the trunk room—you know yourself how things just evolve. But here are the steps.

First you decide how big you want the book and that of course depends on (1) whether you are going to take it to camp in your duffle bag, in which case it should be the size to lie flat in your bag; (2) whether you want to keep it later with your photographs, when it would be most convenient if just the same size as they; (3) whether you want it like an ordinary book for your Girl Scout shelf; (4) whether it is to be a troop memory book and you want it big and imposing on the troop table. You might even let a fifth consideration decide you, and that is the size of the cover you may be able to find in your own trunk room?

Because, though you can get a stiff cardboard and crease it lightly with a knife, half an inch each side of the center (and this inch is the back of the book as in Figure 1, D to E) so that you may be able to bend your cover without cracking, it is much easier to use the stiff cover of an old notebook or exercise book. The kind your older sister filled with notes in college is fine, or one of your own old composition books, with a stiff cover. And of course if you have just moved, you can trot into a ten-cents-store and buy one, only it is always more fun to find something you can use.

Snip the stitches down the middle of the notebook and take out the pages carefully, without tearing the back. Then measure your cover, A to B and A to C (as in Figure 1). Add two inches to both measurements, and begin



The delightful memory book made in Camp Chaparral, with its yellow oilcloth cover, its cord of braided green wool, and its cover-picture from Camp Chaparral's announcement booklet

to think about your color scheme, because next you must buy your page paper and oilcloth for the cover. And when you have decided what you would like, look first for the oilcloth and see what you can find! Don't get a kitcheny one if you can help it, and don't get one that hasn't a perfectly smooth, shiny finish. If all your troop are making books and you can find a mother or two who would like a pretty color for a porch table, to take the surplus off your hands, you might write to one of the big stores like Wanamaker in Philadelphia or Marshall Field's in Chicago or the City of Paris in San Francisco, that carry lovely pale greens and scrambled-egg yellows and cherry reds and robin's egg blues, and ask them to send you a whole roll. (Of course, before you order, write first for list of colors—samples if possible—and price and incidentally find out how many yards there are in one roll!) Or perhaps your Camp Director will buy the roll for you and have it in camp, and you can buy your cover from her. But if you are lucky enough to see what you want at home, buy enough to cover your book plus the two inches.

For the inside pages of our book we went to a printer's shop where they make the dance programs and announcements and advertising folders, and bought sheets of soft grey-green paper because our oilcloth was yellow. Any of the tans and blues and greens are good—don't get it too dark to write on ink. If you haven't a print shop, perhaps you can find some paper of this kind in a book shop, and even wrapping paper is possible to use. For a twenty-four page book you will need twelve pieces, half an inch less than the whole length of your cover. If you want more memories, get more paper!

You will also need strong linen thread—firm string will do—a big needle and paste or glue. You can make that yourself by mixing to a rather thin paste, flour and water and a pinch of alum (from the drug store). The alum will keep it sweet. Or if you have a very obliging linoleum man in your town, ask him to sell you half a pound of the powder with which he makes his linoleum cement. Mix it

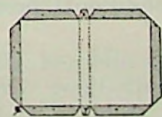


Figure 2

with a little lukewarm water in jelly glass, and let it stand a little after you have mashed all the lumps out. You will then have a light, strong glue that looks like caramel and smells like hard tack! You will also need a paste brush about as big as a small paint brush, unless like us you happen to prefer to paste with the back of a wooden spoon! And now you are Girl Scoutlike prepared. Ho, for the work table or the next Girl Scout meeting!

First get ready to sew in the pages. Unless the printer has cut them for you (be sure to leave them the full length of the opened cover: don't cut them in the center),

(Continued on page 46)


Birds That Come A-camping

*Fascinating companions whom our own naturalist
has met upon her camp trips*

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY

Girl Scout Naturalist



 **P**ERHAPS you are, this very minute, sitting out under the trees either in camp, in your garden, or in the park—watching the birds. I hope you are, for that is exactly what I am doing. While we sit here together I am going to tell you about some of the interesting birds which have gone a-camping with me.

There never seems to be anything more thrilling to me than the discovery of a bird's nest. The beauty of the woven cradle, the devotion of the mother and father, the dainty eggs, and later that funny cluster of gaping mouths: each experience has its peculiar charm which never grows old to the Girl Scout who has a love for the birds.

The wrens

Scarcely had I settled down for that quiet which, of course, always comes with "rest hour" in camp when my ears pricked up at the cheeriest call from the tent peak. The pat-pat of tiny clawed toes, hopping over the canvas top, followed, then a sudden dive from the edge, and Mrs. Wren appeared twitching and perking as she hopped upon the bed. She showed her surprise at finding an intruder in possession of her particular corner. I was made fully aware of her annoyance, as the high sharp notes told only too plainly what she thought of me. I kept quite still, however, and pretended not to notice her irritation, so at last she jumped upon my knee and proceeded to walk along the blankets until she reached my pillow. Here to my amusement she suddenly disappeared. My curiosity was intense and was but increased by the greatest scratching and fluttering imaginable going on immediately under my pillow. Out she darted in a moment more and was off. I looked down to see what had happened. There was a pile of twigs as big as a basket tucked away between my pillow and the tent side. This would never do, of course. But here were Mr. and Mrs. Wren, appearing again at the tent door, each carrying additional nest material.

Then and there our struggle began. I could not go through the whole time of family raising with these wee birds, fascinating as they were, with the scolding and chatter under my very pillow. Beds must be made, even in camp, and one must sleep as well. Who could think of sleep with wrens in bed? Again and again I carefully removed that pile of twigs but back the persistent parents always carried them. I placed them where it seemed a far more desirable site to establish a home, but no—my choice never seemed to be theirs. Into that tent they found a way in spite of me. The tiniest possible hole was all these insistent creatures needed. I

could but recall the old Brittany legend which tells of the way the wren stole fire from the lower regions by slipping in through the key-hole. Her feathers were scorched to cinder brown before she could escape but she has never given up her trick of getting through small holes. One day, however, on my return from a day's hike, no signs could I find of my determined little tent mates. I had won!

All seemed quiet for a day or two and the tilt had somewhat passed my mind, though the chatter continued and we had an occasional visit from the two. An overnight camping party was to be the next event on the program, and I was gathering the few things to put into my knapsack. This hung at the end of the book shelf and seemed natural enough, but when I moved it, out popped Mrs. Wren. Sure enough, my bag was crowded full of twigs, grass, weeds and roots. Far down in the bag were the pretty, pinkish brown eggs.

Of course I went without the bag, leaving it where it hung, remembering the familiar legend of some of the French provinces that one who destroys the nest of the sacred little fire bringer will be punished by having his house destroyed by lightning, or have the fingers shrivel and drop from the hand which does the dreadful deed. So I accepted my defeat gracefully and had no end of fun watching that family grow.

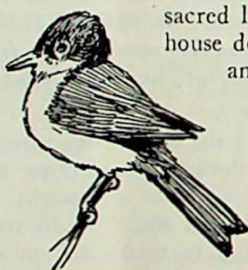
Robin.

Never shall I forget my joy at discovering a robin's nest built in a hollow in a bank near our camp in Alaska. It was completely surrounded with soft velvet moss. A screen of delicate firm twin flowers and violets hid the nest quite from view. When I pushed aside this green curtain and looked in, no turquoise ever seemed more blue than did those robin's eggs. It was in a quiet spot, far from the little village. The birds were gentle, for they had not been disturbed, and soon learned to take food from us. The watchful parents eyed us with a friendly anxiety when we approached the nest, but the young brood knew no fear and were unreservedly happy when perching on our hands or head and eating from our fingers. We have known many another robin family in garden or old apple tree, but this Alaskan home always kept a place all its own in our memories and would not leave us.

We knew one that was placed just above the mess hall door, and another beside the spring where resting low it was in closest reach of the happy Girl Scouts who came to wash or bathe, to chat or sing, in the camp on the hill called Fairy Ring.

Indigo bunting

We had listened for days to the cheery song of the indigo birds in the
(Continued on p. 31)





The Beholder

"Beauty is in the eye of the Beholder"

The Beholder is entirely written and illustrated by the Girl Scouts who send in a description or a story or a picture of something interesting they have seen outdoors. Tell about it in not more than 275 words, giving your name, age, and Girl Scout troop number. Girl Scout artists may draw headings of this size in India ink. To every Girl whose contribution is accepted, the Beholder will award a book.

Our heading this month was drawn by Rosemary Saxton, Age 12, Troop 7, Canton, Ohio.



Mike

IF you have ever visited Long Beach, California, you have most likely heard of Mike, the pelican. His favorite haunt is Pine Avenue pier. Here he spends most of his time during the months of May, June, and July. One of the things that he is noted for is snatching fish from the hooks of the fishermen who fish on the pier. The fishermen always have to keep their catch covered up or he is into them. As long as he can get fish from the fishermen, he will never dive for food himself. If Mike sees anything red, he snatches at it. One day a man had on a red sweater. Mike snatched at it until he had a couple of holes in it. When Mike is not on the pier, he is with his mate and many other pelicans, riding the waves and swells. Even with all his mischievous tricks, Mike is the best liked pelican of the many that visit Pine Avenue pier, Long Beach, California.

By ESTHER H. GLENN,
Age 16, Pansy Troop, Modesto, Cal.

Summer neighbors

Mr. and Mrs. Ruby came to live in "The Oak" during July. They were so inconspicuous that we probably did not at first notice them. When we did realize who our new neighbors were—the exclusive Mr. and Mrs. Ruby-throated Hummingbird—how surprised we were!

They were busy with the nest building when we began to watch them. Or rather, Mrs. Ruby was, for according to custom she worked alone. The nest was high above the ground, twenty feet or more, partly held in place by a dead branch. "The Oak" was but a few feet from our cottage door and comparatively close to our neighbor's on the north. The very branch that supported the nest overhung a much-traveled path!

Finally the nest was completed. But even with Mrs. Ruby there, the nest with her in it made such a small object, with only her tiny fan of a tail peeking over the edge, that many were the unsuspecting people who walked beneath. And then one night, about bed

time, we heard a soft, wavering, plaintive cry. A screech owl! Suppose it found our birds! But the next day, they were both safe. That night and still a third we heard the mournful cry, so near in the shadowy darkness that it seemed we could reach out and clutch it. During the night a storm rose, blowing and shaking the trees in a fury. Our poor little birds! How could their frail nest withstand such a storm?

The next morning, the nest was still in place but no birds in sight. We watched at intervals during that day and many days that followed, but we could see nothing of our feathered neighbors. The owl or the storm must have destroyed them or sent them away in fright.

And then one day, here were our birds. Perching on the edge of the nest, they reached in to place food in the tiny bills that, with the aid of opera glasses, we could now see inside. They had been safe all the time, hidden and protected. We watched them for several days, but before long they ceased to come to the nest. Afterward, we often saw humming-birds near by and we like to think our family safely learned to fly and that mother, father and children were all living happily in the bushes and trees.

By MILDRED L. PATRICK,
Age 18, Troop 12, Syracuse, N. Y.



Mike, the popular pelican of Long Beach, Cal., as photographed by Esther H. Glenn

A happy family

My mother and I enjoy "toad walks" on summer evenings, at which time we count the number of toads seen. One summer day, while strolling around the yard, we noticed that the leaves in the deep area way of the cellar window were mysteriously moving. We gently poked aside some of the leaves and saw there about twelve toads—baby toads, parents and grandparents. They stayed three days, during which time we saw many comical and strange proceedings. One mother toad hopping around had a small toad in front of her, under whose body she placed her head, forcing him to move—a fine hopping lesson—while on her back she carried a baby toad about an inch long. We slanted a shingle from their home to the surface of the ground, by means of which, in three days, when the little ones were able to hop, the whole toad family went seeking their fortunes in the garden.

By CLARECE BELL,
Age 13, Troop 1, Wellfleet, Mass.

"Sunset and evening star—"

The little lazy wavelets lapped softly on the smooth stones on the shores of Lost Loon Lake, as the sun sank slowly into a sea of puffy gold clouds. The slender new moon began to glow faintly in the blue sky, like a mist of yellow smoke. And near it floated a fat, little red cloud, left behind by its brothers in their race with Mr. Wind. All was silent save for hundreds of drowsy bird voices. I sat quietly in my shelter under a drooping birch tree and listened, entranced. If on an April night you listen, as I listened, to the dainty feathered choir, I can safely promise you a finer concert than was ever heard in the greatest music hall. You can hear the simple "come to me" of the wood thrush. It is the "voice of the tender twilight, the voice of the tranquil forest" speaking to you. Then the whip-poor-will begins his plaintive call, repeating it a hundred times in as many seconds. And sweetest of all, you can hear the good night song of the robin as she

(Continued on page 46)

"Batter Up!"

*Girls' baseball suggestions, made by the coach of the
Barnard College baseball team*

By DOROTHY NYE

Illustration by John McCormick

HAVE you heard various of your Girl Scout friends tell of playing baseball at camp? Miss Louise Price, head of the National Camp Department, says that each year this game is becoming more popular among campers. So, because many of you are wondering just how it is played and because it is a splendid troop game, your Editor has asked me to tell you something about it and just where the rules may be obtained.

Baseball for girls is the game commonly known as indoor baseball. It differs from the boys' game, just as girls' basketball differs from boys' basketball. It was adopted from the regulation outdoor game in 1887 by a man who saw the possibilities of a game not so highly organized and played with less complex rules. Most people who coach games agree that indoor baseball is a game far better adapted to girls than the regular baseball game.

It can be played on almost any sized field or gymnasium. The initial outlay is comparatively small, so that father won't need to outfit daughter with brother's extensive (and often expensive) equipment of large, clumsy mitts, spiked shoes, face-mask and a beautiful flannel baseball suit! All a girl needs, or the entire team, in fact, is a regulation size indoor baseball and bat. This baseball, you will find, is larger than the boys' baseball and not so hard. The outfits need not cost more than three and a half dollars, and may be obtained from any sports shop.

The game itself is played somewhat like the game brother plays (without the usual arguments and fist fights!). Nearly every one knows that there are supposed to be seven or nine players on a team, called pitcher, catcher, first, second, and third basemen, infielders and outfielders, and short-stop. The game is played on a diamond-shaped field like that of the regular baseball game, with the added advantage for girls of not being nearly so large as that of the hard ball game, and so making it easier to throw to the different positions.

The best way in which to learn the rules is to obtain the pamphlet called *Official Indoor Baseball Rules*, price ten cents, from The American Sports Publishing Company, 45 Rose Street, New York City. This inexpensive booklet will be a valuable addition to any troop or camp library.

In this article I shall therefore not attempt to give you these rules in detail. Rather I shall give you suggestions for developing your troop or camp teams and your individual players. Indoor baseball is one of the finest competitive sports, since it offers to every girl who plays, an opportunity for individual

as well as the closest team play. The Barnard College baseball girls say that they must be more alert and think faster when playing indoor baseball than when playing basketball, because if you make one wrong play, every one remembers that rather than the good play you make.

Miss Agnes Wayman, director of the Physical Education Department at Barnard College, has an excellent method of developing good players. I recommend it for your troop or your camp. Before having the girls start in to play an actual game, Miss Wayman gives them individual practice. One of the first things she does is to show the girls the right method of throwing and catching the indoor baseball. One of the best preparations for a throw is to hold the ball firmly in the hand. Then carry the arm back of the shoulder and, with bent elbow, carry the arm slightly upward and forward, ending the throw with a snap, then following through with a straight arm. Greater speed and longer distances can be obtained if the ball is thrown at a low elevation, rather than a high over-head, curved ball. In catching the ball, always let the hands or hand follow slightly backward the impact of the ball, or it may bounce from your hands. This kind of practice can be carried on to great advantage during a simple game of "catch." Two girls, interested in developing their baseball game, can practise throwing at home or by themselves at camp.

When the Barnard baseball squad reports for practice, Miss Wayman divides the entire squad into small groups of five or six, gives each group a bat and ball, starting the practice with a girl in the position of pitcher, another as catcher, another as batter, and the remainder scattered over the small field. The line stays in this position about eight minutes; then a fielder goes in as pitcher; the pitcher acts as catcher and the catcher goes out into the field. This continues until every one has played in all the positions. In this way, girls readily discover which positions they like best, and which they play best. Next a baseball problem is given to the groups to work out, such as: the ball is caught or recovered after being hit; it must be thrown to the first baseman, then to the catcher and back to the pitcher, ready for another try.

This is an excellent plan for first practice for your troop or camp teams. If you have only one ball, "take turns" on the field. After you have tried yourselves out in this way, come together for a regular

(Continued on p. 41)



Help Yourself for Your Troop

Published each month

Vol. I No. 6



Donna Gill, Troop 14, Lebanon, Ore., who won first place in our Pioneer Contest

Scribes' Chatter

The girls who received Special Honorable Mention and Honorable Mention, in our Pioneer Contest, have all been delighted to receive copies of Emerson Hough's book, *The Covered Wagon*. These books were generously donated by the publishers, D. Appleton and Co. and Grosset and Dunlap, who have been very much interested in the stories written by the girls. One of our judges, Miss Marion Humble of the National Book Publishers' Association, called the attention of these publishers to our contest.

Now that you are beginning to think of camp swimming hour, how about that Life-Saving Emblem. The many girls who won theirs last summer will tell you that the cherished emblem is readily won by any girl who makes up her mind to get it.

Last summer we had a motto, "Every Girl Scout a Swimmer." This year we are adding to it, "Every Girl Scout a Life Saver." And don't forget the attractive Life Saving Booklet that National Headquarters has published to help you. Send for it to the National Equipment Department, see page 49.

We are receiving many letters telling of the use of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as a present. Troop 35 of Washington, D.C., Miss Caroline Thom, Captain, is giving the magazine to Irish, Scotch and English girls whom Miss Thom met at the World Camp last summer. Troop 35 reports that these girls await "magazine day" in the mails as eagerly as do the girls of the United States.

When Troop 416, East Cleveland, Ohio, and Miss Fannie Clarke, Captain, discovered that they had a surplus in their treasury, they promptly voted to spend this money for thirteen subscriptions to *THE*

AMERICAN GIRL, which they presented to the girls in nearby settlements and hospitals.

The Girl Scouts of Atlanta, Georgia, recently dedicated their camp with the dedication ceremony by Anna Hempstead Branch, which was published in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. This dedication ceremony was used for the housewarming of our new National Headquarters, together with music composed for it by George M. Newell.

Girl Scouts themselves are not the only people who respect the achievements of our Golden Eaglets. In Texas, there are now two colleges who offer scholarships to Golden Eaglets—the University of Texas and the Texas Women's College.

So many girls write in asking for suggestions as to how to raise money for their troops, that we pass on to you the following plan from Wickford, Rhode Island. The troops of Wickford find that selling candy at public affairs is a very lucrative pursuit. Before any such affair, the Girl Scout Council and interested friends make the candy and deliver it at the home of one council member. There it is weighed and packed in small bags. The Girl Scouts then sell it at the affair, sometimes from tables, sometimes from trays. The girls have so established the fact that they will appear and that the candy they sell is delicious, that it is now taken for granted in Wickford that the Girl Scouts will be the ones to do this.

How about lemonade and other cooling drinks at county fairs this summer?

Dorothy Sanborn of Troop 1, Palmer, Massachusetts, writes that although their troop was organized only a little over a year ago, already they have organized a second troop. Inter-troop hikes are very popular among the girls.

Those of you who enjoy making the handicraft articles described in *Our Little Workshop in the Woods* will be interested in the plan of our Southern Girl Scouts who go to Camp Juliette Low on Lookout Mountain. Each girl makes one thing for herself and one thing for camp. If the article for camp requires the help of several girls, each girl working upon it counts that article as her gift to the camp.

The Grasshopper Patrol in the San Marcos, Texas, Girl Scout camp has a lively yell: G, grass, H, Hopper, No stopper, Yeah, Grasshopper!

Ho, outdoor cooks!

*Recipes recommended to your skill
by Louise Price*

Try these, outdoor cooks! Other Girl Scouts have successfully cooked them all, on their hikes and at camp. Why not you? If your troop members are scattered during the summer or if you are away at your summer cottage with your family instead of being at camp, why not invite your family on a Girl-Scout-conducted outdoor meal? Remember that the amounts given here are for one patrol or a group of eight. If you wish to learn how to build many kinds of fires, we recommend Charles Smith's book, *Games and Recreational Methods for Scouts, Camps and Clubs*, published by Dodd, Mead and Company (price \$2.50).

Wilted Dandelion Greens

1 peck dandelion "greens", or tops,
from the road side.
6 strips bacon.

Fry out five or six thin strips of bacon until crisp. Crack it into small pieces. Wash the dandelion leaves. Pour hot bacon and drippings over them.

A slab o'bacon and a mess of dandelion greens, an Indianapolis columnist says, always convinces him that spring has really come. Lettuce and young fresh beet tops are good this way, too.

Steak Brigand, or Kabobs

1½ lbs. beef steak or lamb
8 slices bacon
2 onions
2 sticks celery (if desired)

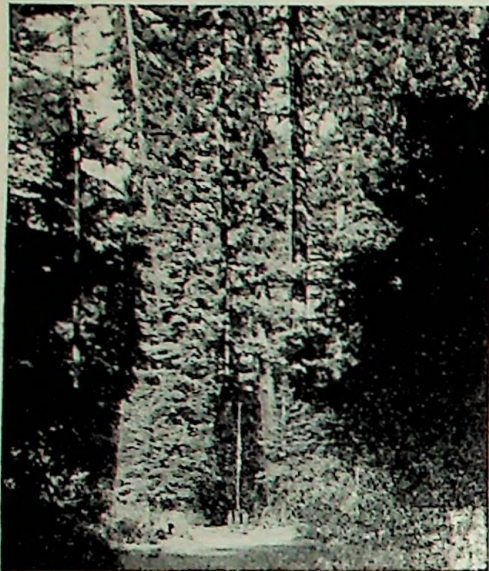
Cut meat into chunks half an inch thick and an inch or two in length. Slice onion across so ring of onion will slide on a stick. Cut your bacon into squares.

Then on the peeled end of a green stick about four or five feet long put first a slice of steak, then bacon, then onion, then celery. Repeat until you have as many inches of steak brigand as your appetite dictates. Don't squeeze the pieces too closely together. Hold the steak over the fire near enough to let the heat sear the outside and keep the juices in. Then cook it over the coals until it browns and drips.



Knoxville, Tenn., Girl Scouts proving their prowess as outdoor cooks

Outdoor Adventure



ABOVE — Beneath beautiful trees such as these, California Girl Scouts are carrying out Dr. Cady's plans for our Tree Finder Badge

BELOW—These Berwyn, Ill., Girl Scouts could easily write a "Pet Story," as each would-be Tenderfoot now does

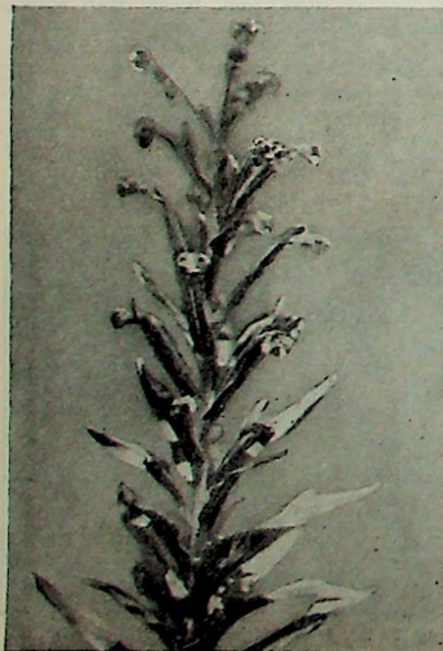


ABOVE—This is man Cady, our naturalist, who has many new plans for the program we are going to



ABOVE — An inviting camp corner—Minneapolis's Nature Museum. Don't miss having one in your camp this season

RIGHT—A Cape Cod Girl Scout and her camp pet—won't you send our magazine a picture or a story of yours?



RIGHT—These girls of Troop 1, Green Castle, Ind., have discovered what a teeming busy place an ant hill is!

LEFT—Our Flower Finders now take pictures for their flower collections—Gertrude Bishop of St. Louis made this of "Hound's Tongue"



re Awaits Us All

glimpse the fascinating world of
masses, in the trees, in the water



Dr. Bertha Chapin
Girl Scout Natur-
alist so many allur-
ing the nature pro-
gram to follow



BELOW — Camp Andree
girls on a raid against
the tent caterpillar —
can not your troop plan
a similar raid?



ABOVE — The tent caterpillar,
a pest which Dr. Cady says is
best destroyed when young, by
tearing down web and stepping
upon it and stamping it out



LEFT — There is a
deer park near our
Crawfordsville, Ind.,
camp where the Girl
Scouts delight in
making new outdoor
friends

ABOVE — Dr. Cady,
near the Lincoln
Memorial, Washing-
ton, D.C., showing
Girl Scouts and
leaders how to make
records in the field



LEFT — With this
screen-like protec-
tion, these Girl
Scouts of Kohler,
Wis., went forth to
study bee hives and
their occupants



RIGHT — Mrs. Giles
Whiting, of our Ex-
ecutive Board, with
the help of a tree
surgeon saved this
old tree near her
home

OUR PUZZLE PACK

The Tenderfoot Puzzle

Now that the camping season is in full swing, many newly made Girl Scouts are having their first experience in living outdoors. Puzzle Jack has been telling Puzzled Jill what is in store for the average "tenderfoot."

The words on the long board are familiar every day ones, but when we change a single letter in each one, they become important items in the Girl Scout Camping program.

The campers are away on a hike, so there are none to be seen unless you can find them hidden in the picture. However, the "necktie" puzzle on the big tree tells of a hike incident. Fill in the two right words and complete the sentence as you read around the loop.

Though the sign on the bushes seems to be perfectly good Siamese, it is just a case of careless spacing between the words, and rightly arranged will make an outdoor proverb especially suited to the "tenderfoot."

A Riddle for Tenderfoots

We know, of course, that a real Girl Scout is quite at home in the woods, yet, at the same time, why is it dangerous to go out there in the spring?

An Animal Charade

My first in marsh is not in glen.
My next in lair is not in den.
My third in nest is not in quail.
My fourth in track is not in trail.
My whole a furry quadruped
Whose coat we sometimes wear instead.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

By IRMA MUSER

Troop 14, New York, N. Y.

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

To venture
Points on a card
To harvest
To spy

UPPER RIGHT

Duration
A notion
A repeat
Consumes

CENTER

A college (prop. n.)
Far
Melted rock
Periods of time

LOWER LEFT

Pallid
Old
To guide
Whirlpool

LOWER RIGHT

To separate
A thought
Fidelity
An anecdote

Puzzle Pi

By ROSEMARY SAXTON

Troop 7, Canton, Ohio.

Natarki idd tno reca ot eikh,

Esh saw a raprol toucs.

A drabn wen rapi fo eoshs dah hes

Dan raedef ot earw emth tou!

Ewilh hoter outsces het downald doarme
Dan denreal fo nadhiertfa,
Ehs tas neaal ta mohe nad pewt,
Hse docul ton tands het fatrd!

Ovn arehenk ey ot sith vidace,
Nor'd rihsk dan verne toup,
Tub od yoru tuyd; tosm fo lal,
Ton'd eb a raprol sotuc!

Word Jumping

By changing one letter at a time bring FOOT to REST in five moves.

A Hidden Flower

The name of a flower is concealed in this sentence.

"It seemed as though this flower would forever be Nature's masterpiece."

Answers to June Puzzles

THE CONVENTION PUZZLE: Rim—Girl Scouts, Hub—T. ANAGRAMS, Bunker Hill—Paul Revere. The bean pot is hidden between Jill and the anagram pictures.

A SCOUT PUZZLE: Healthy—Heel, eat, about, lable, tore, hare, year.

A TIMELY RIDDLE: In a barrel.

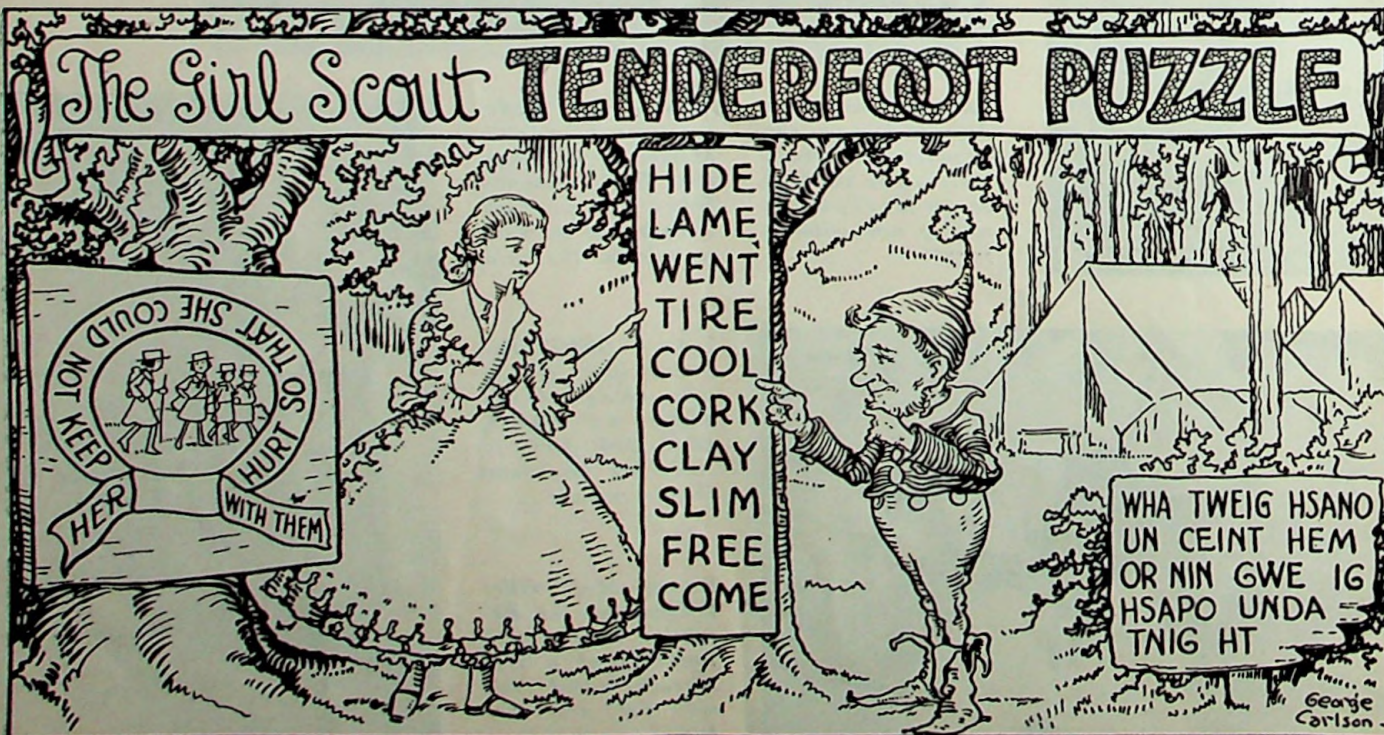
A REVOLUTIONARY CHARADE: Jones.

WORD JUMPING: Beans, bears, sears, stars, spars, spurs, spurt, sport, spout, Scout.

A WORD DIAMOND: Patriot.

PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE.

DEAD	BOSS
EASE	OMEN
ASIA	SEMI
DEARUN	SNIP
UNIT	
NILE	
TIP	STEPETS
IDOL	EARN
POSE	TRIO
SLED	SNOB



Cantilever Stores*Cut this out for reference*

Akron—11 Orpheum Arcade
 Albany—Hewitt's Silk Shop, 15 N. Pearl St.
 Allentown—925 Hamilton St.
 Altoona—Bendheim's, 1302-11th Ave.
 Asbury Park—R. Bowne, 621 Cookman Ave.
 Asheville—Pollock's
 Atlanta—126 Peachtree Arcade
 Atlantic City—2019 Boardwalk
 Baltimore—316 North Charles St.
 Binghamton—Parlor City Shoe Co.
 Birmingham—319 North 20th St.
 Boston—109 Newbury St., Cor. Clarendon
 Bridgeport—1925 Main St., (2nd floor)
 Brooklyn—316 Fulton St., (Entrance on Hanover Pl.)
 Buffalo—641 Main St. (above Chippewa St.)
 Cedar Rapids—The Killian Co.
 Charleston, W. Va.—John Lee Shoe Co.
 Charlotte—226 North Tryon St.
 Chicago—162 N. State St. (3rd flr. Butler Bldg.)
 1050 Leland (near Bway.)
 6119 Cottage Grove Ave. (Woodlawn)
 Cincinnati—The McAlpin Co.
 Cleveland—1705 Euclid Ave.
 Columbus, O.—104 E. Broad St. (at 3rd)
 Dallas—Medical Arts Bldg.
 Dayton—The Rike-Kumler Co.
 Decatur—Raupp & Son
 Denver—224 Foster Bldg.
 Des Moines—W. L. White Shoe Co.
 Detroit—2038 Park Av. (at Elizabeth St.)
 Duluth—107 W. 1st St. (nr. 1st Ave. W.)
 Elizabeth—258 North Broad St.
 Erie—Weschler Co., 916 State St.
 Evanston—North Shore Bootery
 Evansville—310 S. 3rd St. (near Main)
 Fitchburg—W. C. Goodwin, 321 Main St.
 Fort Wayne—Mathias App's Sons
 Fresno—The Bootery
 Grand Rapids—Herpolsheimer Co.
 Harrisburg—217 No. 2nd St.
 Hartford—Trumbull & Church Sts.
 Holyoke—Thos. S. Childs, 275 High St.
 Houston—205 Foster-Bank Comm. Bldg.
 Huntington, W. Va.—McMahon-Diehl
 Indianapolis—L. S. Ayres & Co.
 Ithaca—Rothschild Bros.
 Jacksonville, Fla.—24 Hogan St. Opp. Seminole Hotel
 Jersey City—Bennett's, 411 Central Ave.
 Kalamazoo—The Bell Shoe House
 Kansas City, Mo.—300 Altman Bldg.
 Knoxville—Spence Shoe Co.
 Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
 Lexington, Ky.—Denton, Ross, Todd Co.
 Lincoln—Mayer Bros. Co.
 Little Rock—417 Main St. (Pugh Bldg.)
 Long Beach, Cal.—536 Pine Ave.
 Los Angeles—728 Hill St.
 Louisville—Boston Shoe Co.
 Lowell—The Bon Marche
 Macon—Macon Shoe Co.
 Madison, Wis.—Family Shoe Store
 Manchester, N. H.—Wm. Marcotte Co.
 Mansfield—Brownell Shoe Co.
 Memphis—28 No. Second St.
 Milwaukee—Brouwer Shoe Co.
 Minneapolis—25 Eighth St. South
 Missoula—Missoula Mercantile Co.
 Mobile—E. H. Britton
 Nashville—J. A. Meadors & Sons
 Newark—897 Broad St. (2nd floor)
 New Bedford—Olympia Shoe Shop
 New Haven—100 Orange St. (near Court)
 New Orleans—109 Barone St., Rm. 200
 14 W. 40th St. (opp. Pub. Lib.)
 2950 Third Ave. (152d St.)
 New York—13 John St. (Bet. Dway & Nassau)
 Norfolk—Ames & Brownley
 Oakland—516-15th St. (opp. City Hall)
 Omaha—1708 Howard St.
 Pasadena—378 E. Colorado St.
 Passaic—1 Lexington Ave. (Erie Depot)
 Paterson—18 Hamilton St. (opp. Regent Th.)
 Peoria—105 S. Jeffers'n St. (Lehmann Bldg.)
 Philadelphia—1932 Chestnut St.
 Pittsburgh—The Rosenbaum Co.
 Plainfield—M. C. Van Arsdale
 Portland, Me.—Palmer Shoe Co.
 Portland, Ore.—353 Alder St.
 Poughkeepsie—Louis Schonberger
 Providence—The Boston Store
 Reading—Sig. S. Schwerlner
 Richmond, Va.—Seymour Cycle
 Roanoke—L. Bachrach Shoe Co.
 Rochester—257 Main St. E. (3rd floor)
 St. Joseph, Mo.—216 N. 7th (Arcade Bldg.)
 St. Louis—516 Arcade Bldg. (opp. P. O.)
 St. Paul—43 E. 5th St. (Frederic Hotel)
 Sacramento—219 Ochsner Bldg., K, nr. 7th
 Saginaw—Goeschel-Kulper Co.
 Salt Lake City—Walker Bros. Co.
 San Diego—The Marston Co.
 San Francisco—127 Stockton St.
 Santa Barbara—Smith's Bootery
 Schenectady—445 State St.
 Scranton—Lewis & Rellly
 Seattle—Baxter & Baxter
 Shreveport—Phelps Shoe Co.
 Sioux City—The Pelletier Co.
 South Bend—Ellsworth Store
 Spokane—The Crescent
 Syracuse—121 West Jefferson St.
 Tacoma—255 S. 11th St. (Fidelity Bldg.)
 Toledo—LaSalle & Koch Co.
 Trenton—H. M. Voorhees & Bro.
 Troy—35 Third St. (2nd floor)
 Tulsa—Lyons' Shoe Store
 Utica—23 & 30 Riantina St., cor. Union
 Waco—Davis-Smith Bootery
 Washington—1319 F Street (2nd floor)
 Wilkes-Barre—M. F. Murray
 Wilmington, Del.—Kennard-Pyle Co.
 Worcester—J. G. MacInnes Co.
 Yonkers—22 Main St.
 Youngstown—B. McManus Co.

Agencies in 445 other cities



A Hiker is as Good as her Feet

WATCH an Indian walk through the forest. Graceful and sure footed he strides along covering ground with very little effort. He toes straight ahead and he uses his whole foot with every step. His foot muscles are developed for an active outdoor life because his feet have always been free to exercise in soft, flexible moccasins.







In flexible arch Cantilever Shoes you can develop your feet, too, so that you will be better able to take long hikes. The shoe at the top of this page is very popular with the Girl Scouts. It has a low, wedged heel that encourages you to toe straight ahead. The natural, boyish lines of this shoe give you real, honest-to-goodness foot comfort. The snug-fitting flexible arch harmonizes with every foot movement and allows your feet to build up muscular strength, just as an Indian's footgear does. Girls who wear these shoes will be better campers and hikers than if they wore unnaturally shaped, rigid arched shoes that restrict and weaken the foot muscles.

Cantilever Shoes are made in a variety of attractive styles, but always along graceful, natural lines. They are good looking shoes. Cantilever oxfords may be had with low heels or moderate height Cuban heels. The modish Cantilever pumps are tastefully designed in one-strap, two-strap and three-strap effects.

If none of the stores at the left is near you, write the manufacturers, Morse & Burt Company, 429 Wiloughby Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., for the address of a Cantilever dealer who is more conveniently located. A booklet on shoes and feet will be mailed to you.

Cantilever Shoe

Cheese Tid-bit

Whoever eats  Cheese Tid-bit will very soon eat  then  then  and then  more and a pack  before he's through

AND NOW, just a word to Mother: Never purchase these delicious little crackers by the single package—buy several. They are irresistible, so that one package is emptied almost as soon as it is opened. And besides they are delightful served with soup or salad or in combination with *au gratin* dishes.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

Lucky Penny

(Continued from page 11)

as merrily as was her wont. Most of them knew why; the shadow of the constable lay over the Barn for everybody. May, deliciously unconcerned, sat at the end of her rope solemnly trying to find out if she could waggle each finger independently of the others.

In patrol corners the Chipmunks talked over the situation, instead of the hike they should have been planning.

"I'd simply love her," Madge said, "—but with all us, why I don't even dare to suggest it to Mother."

"My Dad says it's a pity," Elinor put in, "but he says you really will have to send her to the Home, Penny. I'm afraid he thinks you're perfectly crazy."

"Perhaps I am," said Penny, "but I'm a harmless lunatic, if so, and I wish Mr. Neap had stayed out of it."

May, whenever she heard the constable's name mentioned, had a disconcerting way of saying, "Neap! Neap!" like an energetic cricket. She did so now, and Penny groaned.

"You'd think he was her dearest friend, from her tone of voice. I wish his name was Schnooperviffle, or something she couldn't chirp so gaily!"

The way home led under Lisbeth's window, and that lone Brownie waved beseechingly to Penny and May. Somehow she had got wind of May's impending fate, and she burst out as soon as they entered:

"I have such an idea! Sit down and listen, Penny! It would work, I know. You could hide her here till the bad people forgot all about her. She could sleep in my bed, and I'd sleep—oh, on the floor or anywhere."

"It's a nice idea, Lisbeth—but I think your mother has all she can do with one Brownie to look after."

"But I'd look after May!" Lisbeth was quite forlorn.

"Honey, you couldn't. You've no idea how many things such a little person needs. She keeps me running from morning till night—don't you, May, old lady?"

May seemed to think she was being invited to have a ride on Penny's knee, for she bounced enthusiastically and held out her arms. But Penny turned her attention to Lisbeth, who was on the verge of tears.

"I'm afraid it mightn't work anyway, my Brownie. They'd find her, and be much crosser than ever. But it was a splendid idea. Why, I think it was almost a good turn, just to have thought of it. And you shall play with her every day, till—till they take her."

This cheered Lisbeth somewhat. She kissed May fervently and Penny shyly, and watched them out of sight. Then the Good Turn Book again made its appearance. Lisbeth read it through, and then rather doubtfully added:

"Thought of saving Penys' babey from the taking-away people."

"It sounds like a sort of a funny one for a good turn," Lisbeth reflected, "but Penny said it was almost one—so maybe it'll count for a half, anyway."

(Continued on page 31)



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Birds That Come A-Camping

(Continued from page 22)

bushes by the lodge and rejoiced in the glory of the male's rich purple and cerulean blue coat. After patient watching we had also found the compact little cup nest which he and his mate had hung among the branches of a low cherry bush. One by one we had seen the four white eggs appear and marveled at the tinge of varying green and blue which faintly colored the dainty shells.

We had learned to love the bright little creatures, yet during a short absence from the camp a tragedy had come to the indigo's home. Imagine our horror on parting the leaves above the nest to see how the young were growing to find there a grotesque looking creature. With big head and great feet, long legs and bulgy knees, he sprawled over the entire nest filling it to overflowing.

What could this mean! Instantly we dropped down beside the nest to look for the real bunting babies. We did discover one among the weeds beneath the nest, but it was dead. Beside it lay one of the pretty blue tinted eggs, but cold and dulled in color.

The story was clear enough for us all to read. This awkward, greedy

foster-child was no other than the young of the cow bird, whose careless mother had foisted her responsibilities upon these tiny buntings, knowing that her sturdy offspring could easily crowd the tiny birdlings out of their rightful home and thus get all the care of the devoted parents. The father and mother buntings flew excitedly about our heads as we stood there. Were they then so fearful that some harm might come to their ugly changeling? How could they fail to see the difference between this vulgar child and their own daintily bred young? Here they were wearing themselves out serving this stranger who had pushed their own young out to their death. It was pathetic to see this misplaced devotion and we turned away, wondering how this unnatural habit ever came to be adopted by the cow birds.

I have told you of some of my camp companions. Now Girl Scouts who read this, send me a story of the bird families you have met in your own camp or garden. Mail them to me, in care of National Headquarters, Girl Scouts, Inc., 670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Lucky Penny

Penny returned to find Mr. Neap again sitting in the parlor,—this time alone, for Granny, who was not at all well nowadays, was taking a nap. Penny was tempted to flee, but at that moment the constable saw her through the window. Running away would gain nothing in the end; Penny felt she might as well have the wretched business over and done with.

"Well, young lady," said Mr. Neap, with maddening deliberation, "I have been in communication with the State Asylum, and they have been in communication with me."

"Yes?" said Penny.

Mr. Neap cleared his throat and fumbled through several creased papers which he produced, after some searching, from various pockets.

"Well,—seems after all I haven't got their communication, but I can tell you the approx-mate contents of it from memory."

"What was it?" said Penny, longing to put a firecracker under him, or do something that would hurry up his recital a bit.

"Well, they gave us to understand that the Asylum is now over-crowded, with more children than accommodation, and not to speak of a waiting-list of considerable length. They gave me to understand that if said child was at present in a de-sirable environment, it might—in fact, *must* remain there until such time as opportunity permits them to admit it."

"You mean I may keep her?" Penny cried. "They won't take her right away?"

"That's my meaning," said Mr. Neap. "Tisn't likely they'll find that

oppor-tunity till nigh winter or more, I dessay."

Winter was a long way off. Penny, filled with relief, clasped her beloved to her, and Mr. Neap was human enough to look benignantly over his spectacles and smile.

"Well," he said, "I don't know but what I was considerable pleased and gratified myself. I trust the little feller'll thrive and be a comfort to you as long as seems expedient." With which he gathered up the umbrella he always carried, and took himself off.

Never had May been so indulged as at this bedtime. Penny sang to her—low and soft—a little lullaby croon that sent May off to sleep before it was twice done. Then Penny tucked her in, and smoothed the small wisps and tendrils of amber hair away from the quiet forehead, and tiptoed out—full of joy and relief.

She went and told Granny the good news, and Granny was gently pleased and said, "That's nice, dear." Penny read to her for a while, and then, when dusk fell, went down to bring up the toast and tea that Granny liked at that time. Penny came singing down the stairs and turned on the light in the dining-room. Then she stopped stock-still beside the table. For, dimly white in the glow from the room—a face was looking in at the window! Just a pale, oval face, with fixed, staring eyes peering and peering into the room.

Who could she be? And why was she staring so strangely? Imagine yourself in Penny's place! Next month will tell you what Penny did then—Penny, that lovable Girl Scout who was always getting into the most unheard-of situations.



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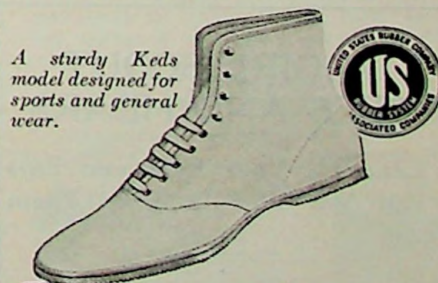
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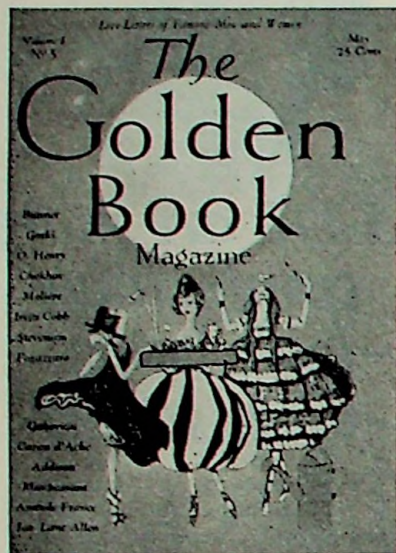
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The Saracen Girl

(Continued from page 7)

Martel, determined to take every stronghold from which the crescent floated, dispatched soldiers through the land.

When they came upon the seat of Carcas and her lord they attacked it desperately, and desperately the handful of Saracens fought back, for they were commanded by Mihmed Bey, and were so strong in love of him that they were willing to die in carrying out his orders. Carcas stood beside her prince, his helper and counsellor, all the fire of her race in her eyes and soul.

"Allah il Allah!" the Saracens shrilled. "Allah and the crescent!"

And the Franks shouted back at them, "For God and the cross in Gaul!"

Suddenly as Mihmed Bey leaned far out to send an arrow where he believed it would most profit his cause, a dart from an archer in the courtyard struck him in the neck. He fell, and a howl of dismay went up from his vassals, who lost heart with the fall of their chief. They were about to surrender, but Carcas faced them fiercely.

"Are you men or ants?" she cried. "Fight on! I myself will lead you!"

There was anguish in her heart, as with a swift, loving gesture she bent and kissed the fallen Mihmed, and for a moment tears streamed from her eyes. But there was no time for weeping. It was for her to carry on the task her lord could not complete.

She took position on the parapet where Mihmed Bey had stood, and rallied the discouraged vassals. Her long, dark hair streamed out like a battle flag as she played a man's part, and the soldiers wildly rushed to her support. But the Franks scaled the walls, and the defending forces were overcome by them. An arrow struck Carcas in the breast, and she fell on the stone floor where so often she had strolled on summer afternoons.

That night, as twilight settled over the Aude valley, the cross of Christianity floated from the baricans where at dawn the crescent of Mohammed waved, and the few of the castle guard who had survived the fight moved South toward the Pyrenees, never again to obtain a foothold in the land of the Franks, from which Pepin drove them out forever.

Carcas did not see the defeat and exile of her people. She died where she fell, beside the prince she had wedded in Africa, and with whom she rode northward into France. But her name still lives in the stronghold that was her home. For in honor of her, men called it Carcassonne, seat of Carcas.

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For Girl Scouts Everywhere

(Continued from page 17)

Mr. Lothrop Stoddard, author and lecturer, Mr. James J. Storrow, of the National Council of the Boy Scouts and Mr. Roland W. Boyden, President of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. Nor did we forget, this banquet evening, our sister Girl Scouts and Girl Guides around the world. Bringing greetings from them were Mrs. Weingaents Francken of Holland, who pinned Thanks Badges upon Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Low, and Princess Gabrielle Radziwill of Lithuania.

And Cedar Hill—that stretch of woody country belonging to the Girl Scouts of Massachusetts. That, too, is a picture to delight those of us who roamed beneath the trees, in the Council Bowl, from camp site to site, eating supper out-of-doors, viewing the Fox-lease motion picture film of the World Camp, looking at the buildings, including the old, old farmhouse, which is to be a center for the homemaking activities of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts. You would adore that farmhouse, where Daniel Webster used to stop for a cookie, when on his way to fishing.

"What more?" we asked ourselves on our way back to Boston from Cedar Hill, "could our hostesses plan for our delight?"

There was something more—the State Review of the Massachusetts Girl Scouts. The State Review is the one large meeting of the year to which the Girl Scouts and their friends come from all parts of Massachusetts. Have you ever seen thousands of Girl Scouts together? Have you seen them enter, give the pledge of allegiance, sing the Star Spangled Banner, repeat the promise and the laws together? If you have, then you may know the thrill which all felt who attended the State Review that day.

The bugle and drum corps contest was won by the Springfield Girl Scouts, with Melrose a close second and Dorchester doing very well indeed. Cups were also awarded to Dorothy Hayden of Springfield; to Esther Whitehouse of Reading; to Elizabeth Plimpton of Newton and Geneva Barrows of Springfield.

Then came "Girl Scouting in the Home" when a plan of a six room bungalow was laid out and furnished. Out leaped Girl Scouts with the low green boards which marked the divisions of the rooms. Out hastened other girls, bringing the furniture—yes, the actual furniture. And more! Out came the cooks for the kitchen; the nurses for the nursery; the laundresses for the laundry; the hostesses for the living room where afternoon tea was served and others. For ten minutes, we all tried to see everything at once. Then, at a given signal, the bungalow and its occupants vanished from our sight, as if by magic.

If only there were room to describe all that happened! Picture to yourself a Village May Day festival, with gaily dressed villagers dancing to the Village Green where they celebrated the return

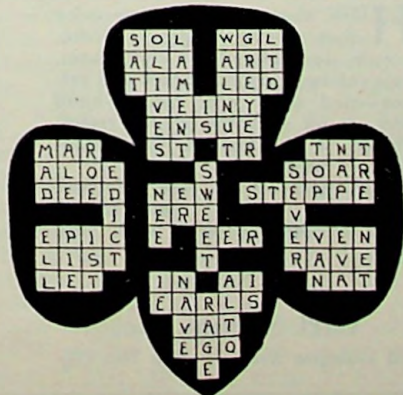
of Spring—frolicing, dancing, singing and with many a merry laugh over the Hobby Horses, the acrobats, the clowns. It seemed to us we must be in Merrie England, dancing around the May Pole.

And it was with utmost difficulty that we brought ourselves back to the present when the last happy, dancing figure vanished and when the King and Queen bade us their haughty adieu. Yet at once another event engaged our attention—the State Chorus under the leadership of Mr. John B. Archer—one thousand girls singing *Girl Scouts, U. S. A.; the Skye Boat Song; a Round; Sleepers, Arise;* and the *Tinkers' Song*. When the last notes died away, the Springfield corps gave the retreat and the chorus sang *Taps*.

Walking back to the hotel, along streets where we glimpsed many a Girl Scout, we realized once more the graciousness of the hospitality which our Boston Girl Scout leaders and girls had extended us. To them all goes our deepest gratitude. And we feel it fitting that the final event of an eventful week should have been the installation of our new President, Miss Sarah Louise Arnold, who lives in Massachusetts. As Dean of Simmons College in Boston, she lived with girls and came to know them well. When she completed her work at Simmons and was made Dean Emeritus, she turned her first thought to Girl Scouting as a member of our National Executive Board, Chairman of our Education Committee and in all ways a good Girl Scout. Many of you already know her because she has visited you in your home town. All of you will feel that you know her when you read her message on page four. We welcome her as our President and, in welcoming, are happy that Mrs. Hoover who for three years has been of such inestimable service to Girl Scouting, is not leaving us but will continue as our First Vice President and Chairman of our new Board of Directors.

Our Eleventh Annual Convention in Boston—this is but a glimpse of it, yet a glimpse which will, we hope, bring your own Captain and Commissioner and Local Director to our Twelfth Convention which is to meet next year in St. Louis, Missouri.

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Books for Summer Days

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature

I have asked the Editor to let me have another contest, just a little one, to please myself. You will see why I say that, in a minute. Here is the idea:

Write me a letter telling me about a book you have read whose scene is laid in England. It may be an historical novel, like *Ivanhoe*, or a classic like one of Dickens or Thackeray's. It may be stories of English history like Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill* or Jeannette Marks *Geoffrey Window*. It may be a story of English children in school-room or nursery, like the charming ones by E. Nesbit—have you read any of these? It may be a history-book, or a book of travels; it may be one of the plays of Shakespeare. So long as it takes place in England, tell me about it and why you liked it; and to each of the girls who write the three best letters I will send a book.

I said this was to be for my own pleasure. That is for two reasons. First, I like to get your letters—and if you knew how many I get, from all over the country and even the world, all about books, you would take it as a compliment when I ask for letters from you. The second reason is purely personal: by the time you read this I expect to be in England for a visit—I have a daughter married and living there—and I shall be visiting some of the Girl Guides, too, for I have letters of introduction that I shall make haste to present. So this is a sort of celebration of my trip.

Send your letters to me in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and the Editor will keep them for me until I return. The contest closes September first.

Now for some of the new books. You know how often I tell you about collections of poetry made especially for young people, and how I hope, whatever book you own, you will own one of these and write on the flyleaf your name and the day when you got it. So here is one that I wish all Girl Scouts would own and read, for it is the best collection yet. I think, *Poems for Youth*, collected and edited by William Rose Benet (Dutton). Mr. Benet is a poet—you may have recited some of his poems, for some of them are as exciting as the movies—and he is also a father of a family of assorted sizes, so

Ever feel slighted? Read "The Lame Duck"

he knows how to choose poems for boys and girls, poems that you will love as well when you are my age as you do now, and some that you will love even more the longer you live. Some of these poems are old, but many are by men and women now living, some of them still young, like Edna St. Vincent Millay and the wonderful child, Hilda Conkling. There is a little sketch of the poet's life added to his poems, which sometimes tells something of the stuff of which his dreams are made. The one and only fault I can find with the book is that Mr. Benet has not put in one poem of his own: there is such a thing as being too polite! However, there are some lovely ones by his wife.

I have always liked circus stories ever since I read *Toby Tyler* when it first came out week by week in *Harper's Young People*. So I read with special pleasure a new one by Allen Chaffee called *Tony and the Big Top* (Century), the "top" in question being of course the tent. Tony is a trapeze artist; that is, she is trained for one, but when she brings up a tiger cub on the bottle and goes into the cage with him for an exhibition, the authorities realize that she has the capacity to be a tiger-trainer, which is, by the way, a much harder job than training lions, and far more dangerous. So this book is full of animals of all sorts, mostly wild, and if you like the idea of wild animals for pets, it is a book you will like.

The Indian Canoe, by Russell D. Smith (Century) has not a girl in it until almost at the end, when the plot gets very exciting indeed,—a wild little creature with beady eyes and a deep devotion to an even wilder Dad, hops into the story and provides the feminine interest for a brief period. It is a story of two men and an Indian guide in the Maine woods, and is meant, I suppose, for boys who like outdoor life, especially camping, fishing, and woodcraft, but I can't see why girls should not like it just as well. It is real outdoors, and real girls read about the same outdoor books as boys do, don't they?

Speaking of woods reminds me that Grace Humphrey, who wrote *The Story of the Marys*, which I like because my name started as Mary, has a new set of stories called *Under These Trees* (Bradley). It tells the romance and history connected with famous trees like the Charter Oak, King Charles's Oak, Joan of Arc's Fairy Tree, and the Washington Elm. Can you tell what happened under every one of these, without looking it up? You ought to be able to. This would be a good book to read from for Arbor Day.

Little Aunt Emmie, by Alice E. Allen (Lippincott) is about a little girl in the Adirondacks; it has a love of forests and Indian folk stories and is for younger readers. If you read *Nancy Brandon: Enthusiast* and remember the cooking-school, you will like to know that there is a new one: *Nancy Brandon: Idealist*, by Lillian Garis (Bradley).

There is cooking in *Girls in the High*

Sierras, by Katherine Barrett (Doubleday Page), but it is camp cookery, recipes and all. This is a story about a party of girls who pack their provisions on donkeys and go exploring and otherwise enjoying life in the mountains. A story like this one is the next best thing to going, for it goes into details so that you feel as if you were there.

I know you will want to have the names of some outdoor plays for camp this summer, of plays that could be given in as well as out of doors, so here are a few to round out this month's message. In the first place, don't forget that *Games and Recreational Methods for Clubs, Camps and Scouts*, by Charles F. Smith (Dodd, Mead) has several chapters on dramatics and stunts by our own Helen Ferris, quite indispensable to any one who is putting on any kind of a show this summer. *A Midsummer's Day Frolic*, by Dorothy Powell (Woman's Press) is one of those useful frameworks on which to hang dances, songs, and specialties of all kinds: you can introduce Girl Scout ceremonies and put in numbers of performers who don't have to learn lines, for there are only four speaking parts. *The Legend of the Laurel*, by Evelyn Brownell (Woman's Press) was written for a college pageant, and would make a lovely entertainment for camps or schools. It is based on the story of Apollo and Daphne: there are eight speaking parts and any number of smaller parts for older or younger performers. The costumes are easy to make and attractive. By the way, do not forget that *Costuming a Play* (Century) is a useful handy guide for all sorts of pageants and productions: there are a great number of outline pictures for all periods of history, so clear that you can get the details for reproduction with no difficulty. Most costume books are very expensive but this one costs three dollars.

Outwitting the Weasels, by Helen Harrington (Dutton) is a play with a moral, one that Girl Scouts will be glad enough to stand by. It is to show how much our song-birds need and deserve protection, and the birds themselves take the part, with the assistance of the weasels, the villains of the piece. The costumes here look very elaborate when you see them on the stage, but are really simple enough; for the patterns there are complete instructions in the preface, with a diagram and for the colorings you are to look in *Land Birds East of the Rockies*, published by Doubleday, Page and recommended by the Audubon Society because it shows the colors so accurately. *New Fangled Notions*, about hens is in the same book. *The Haunted Circle*, by Adelaide Nichols (Dutton) is a set of nature plays of which three would go beautifully out of doors. *The Haunted Circle* is for the spring, *The Gardener's Cap* for summer, and *The Devil's Field* for fall, but they would all do for vacation purposes. There is an introduction telling what reading can be done along with them if they are to be given by schools.

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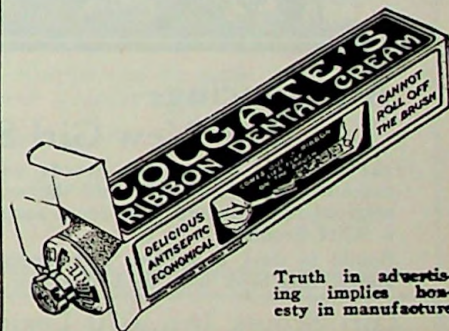
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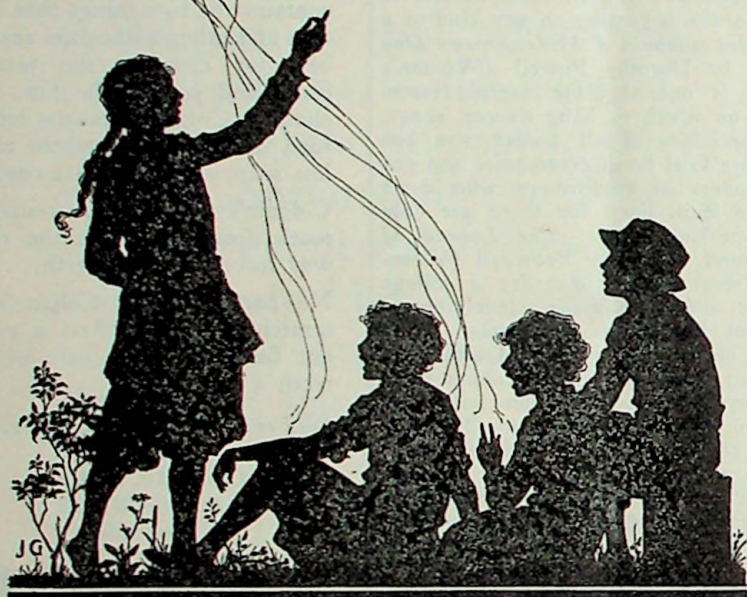
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Have You a Camp Paper?

(Continued from page 19)

water. For a camp paper to forego joking is to forego sparkle and humaneness. And the best jokes are always those that actually happen, reported with the names of the jokers and the jokees. Ready-made jokes are, by comparison, flat and stale-ish. If one girl says to the wearer of a sweater-shirt, "I like your winter underwear," the remark is too true, to be essentially funny, for a "log" reporter or would-be Scribe to miss it.

But the humorous must be balanced by the reverent and by "reverent" is meant openness to beauty of nature and beauty of spirit. It takes reverence, coupled with sharp eyes, to notice that when the yellow beaks of young starling gape wide, the insides of their mouths, tongue and all, are the same lucid yellow. It takes reverence to realize that courage, whether on a high spring board or in an argument or facing a stiff temptation, is all of the same marvelously fine texture. A paper that leaves out this element of camping is like a week with two Saturdays and no Sunday.

Love of beauty, like influenza, breaks out in different ways. Art is only another name for the same rose. In spite of limited means, many Girl Scout papers are adding to the attractiveness of their publications by decorating their fronts, and even their inside pages, with clever printing, appropriate drawings, and cute, hand-colored pictures. Last Thanksgiving *The Guide*, a troop paper issued monthly to the Patrol Leaders of the Oranges, looked very festive with its bright fruit and turkey illustrations.

Just as every single camp mood is reflected in a successful "log," so every camp activity bobs up its paragraphs. Any councillor who finds that her department is being slighted can be forgiven for whimpering. Hiking is no more important than water sports, woodcraft no more important than signal practice. If a camp editor has what all newspaper writers covet—"a nose for news," in one issue of her "log" a bird class will creep out before breakfast, camp-fires will snap their long fingers, camp songs will swell moonward, horsehoofs will clatter, and an early "dipper" will hasten her dive by stepping on a wet cake of ivory soap. An ancient Italian once declared, "I am human: therefore, nothing human is alien to me." The model reporter on a camp paper goes news-hunting with some such code. She knows that anything related to camp life, anything grave or ridiculous that touches her fellow campers, is fit material for a news item. And she writes up that little tidbit of news with as much zest and individuality as she can drip from her fountain pen.

Such reporters do not grow on the bank of every camp creek. But since they are as valuable as they are scarce, enterprising campers will search them

Another installment of "Lucky Penny" in August

out as carefully as they hunt for the nests of owls or deer tracks under the leaves. The best editor for a paper is, of course, the most literary girl in camp. Her general fineness as a Girl Scout, her camp calibre, needs also some consideration. But whether she becomes editor by appointment or by selection, her merit is usually recognized by every one. It is not so easy to choose a staff of reporters. One method is to select a reporter from each patrol, favoring, if possible, those girls who hanker for a Scribe's Badge. This system, unhappily, may not "get" the best reporters in camp. Perhaps one patrol is blessed with three clever sub-editors. Perhaps the sixteen members of two other patrols never, for all their slaving, got more than C in high school English. The most satisfactory way to pick the best "log" staff, therefore, is by a free-for-all contest. If every one writes up, say, a trout expedition or a ghost story party of the day before, the common theme acts as a yardstick for choosing the best. By this means, a councillor or a girl editor can easily separate the literary sheep from the literary goats.

The thrill of being chosen a staff member! It is both an honor and an opportunity. The camp says to its reporters, "We believe you can write." The paper itself adds, "And here is a wonderful chance for literary training." And while you are choosing your staff, remember that a staff works more smoothly when it is small.

But a paper is one-legged which depends entirely upon its staff for its news, and sooner or later will joggle into a rut. Fresh viewpoints, fresh material, are forever in demand. The more people there are scratching their heads over the way to write up a basketball game, the more popular is a camp "log." After all, this is the democratic work of the whole bloomin' camp. A contribution box, placed where the Girl Scouts fairly *stumble* over it, reminds every one of their responsibility to submit any joke they hear in their tent, any bit of verse they may scribble, any morsel of news or special little camp thought. Signed articles are best because they get names in the paper. They encourage girls to try their luck in journalism, to learn that writing a jingle may be just as exciting as a bare back canter.

The camp "log"! As they round up their toothpaste and their flashlights, cram blankets into duffle bags, and pull up the last beloved stakes, departing Girl Scouts tenderly pack the "logs" for the sake of December reminiscing. If this is true now, what can we say of the future? For no camp paper is too good to be improved. In years to come, what store houses of beauty and fun and comradeship, of work and ecstasy and good sportsmanship, will be read at camp-fires or bought on Saturday night with, perhaps, three copper pennies!

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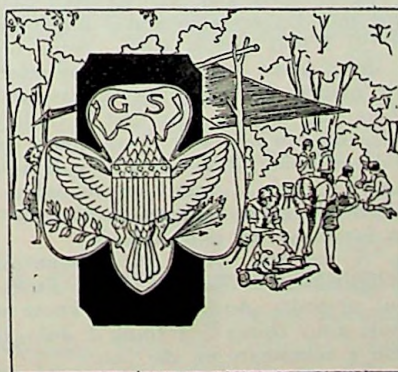
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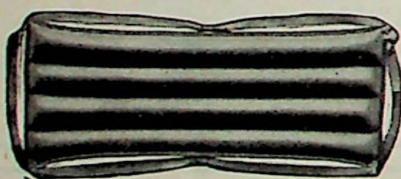
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And the Dark Lady

(Continued from page 14)

I little thought what excitement I was headed for when I made my way to the Ward's next afternoon. We sat down as usual on the porch. Looking back, I see that almost every scene of the drama was acted on the Ward's piazza. A thunder storm was threatening, and Dot was watching anxiously for Aunt Abby, who had gone to the library for Sunday reading matter. She came, along with the first clap of thunder, and we were all scuttling to get inside when a taxi stopped before the gate. Of course, we all stopped, too, and watched. The driver got down and after setting a suitcase on the sidewalk, helped a young girl from the cab. She was very fair and awfully pale. She paid the driver and he rode away as she turned in the gate. We all realized at once that she was sick, but strange, she stopped just where Adele had, and said exactly the same words.

"Does Miss Abby Wheelock live here?"

And then Dot and I got the surprise of our lives. I thought for a second that Aunt Abby was going to faint. She closed her eyes and grasped the railing for support, and then she straightened up and stretched out both hands to the girl below us.

"You're Adele Stewart!" she cried. "You're the living breathing image of your mother! You—"

She stopped then because she had the strange girl in her arms, and they were both crying. They didn't seem to realize that the storm was on us; but once inside, with Aunt Abby's arms still round her, the girl told her story.

"I was taken sick on the boat—terribly sick," she explained, closing her eyes as if to shut out the memory. "At first I was desperate, because I'd started so unexpectedly that no one was to meet me; but later—two days before we docked, I was too ill to care. The captain sent me to a hospital. I—"

"But," interrupted Aunt Abby, "surely there were letters and addresses among your things. Your friends should have been notified, and—"

"Yes," said the girl wearily, "but—but they were stolen and I didn't know it till I was almost well. Some one—I don't know who—had taken most of my money, and—and the letters, among them one to you. At first I could not remember where you lived, and when I did remember, I was ready to leave the hospital, so—I came. I thought, for Mother's sake, perhaps you'd take me in for a day or two, till—"

"A day or two!" cried Aunt Abby indignantly. "Why you're not fit to be out of bed! And you don't know who stole your things? I think I do! Had you a roommate on the boat?"

"Yes, but—oh, I wouldn't think it of her! She was so sweet—so kind—and beautiful, too: a dark Spanish type of beauty. It's strange but—"

Well, she must have thought it queer the way Dot and I were staring. The



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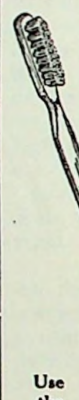
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Our premium list was published in June

whole thing flashed through me as plain as day—even the fact that Adele had never mailed those long epistles to her family. Perhaps we all saw it, but we didn't explain—then. We couldn't, because at just that minute the outside door slammed and Ted, wet and wild-eyed, burst in upon us.

"Is—Adele here?" he almost shouted.

He didn't notice the new girl, lying there on the davenport. In fact, I doubt if he saw anybody except Aunt Abby. Aunt Abby's the kind you always run to in an emergency. Now she stood up, looking at Ted intently.

"No, your Adele is not here," she answered quietly. "What's happened?"

"I wish I knew." He was breathing hard. He'd run all the way from the station. "She—she came to the bank about eleven. I was to meet her at one, for lunch, but—she'd been to the School of Oratory, and found she could get in for a summer course if—she deposited one hundred and fifty dollars today. She thought it was foolish to wait till fall—and she didn't want to accept our hospitality any longer. Of course I told her that was nonsense, but—she insisted, and—"

"You lent her the money?"

There was something deadly quiet in Aunt Abby's voice.

Ted nodded. He was breathing so hard he could scarcely speak. "I was to meet her at one at the Copley Plaza. She—she didn't come. I waited till two—then I telephoned the hospitals, but there'd been no accidents. I went back and waited another hour. Then I—I left word for her with the door man, and went to—to the School of Oratory. She—"

"She hadn't been there," said Aunt Abby dryly, as if stating a fact.

"No. There—there isn't any summer course! I—I don't understand—"

And there, right at that awful moment, Dorothy laughed. It was an hysterical laugh, and she said later that she didn't mean to, but she certainly meant what she said, which was, "It was written in your palm, Teddy. Aunt Abby said you'd be led into some wild extravagance by a designing woman."

Ages later, when we'd explained about the real Adele to Ted, I stepped out on the piazza for a breath of air. When the door opened I thought Dot was joining me, but it was Ted. My heart gave a funny sort of thump as he sat down beside me. He didn't speak for quite a while, and then he said:

"I feel, Janet, like the darndest kind of a darn fool."

"You've been one," was what I thought, but being a firm believer in the efficacy of tact, what I said was, "Oh, we're all liable to make mistakes, Ted. She—she was awfully pretty."

"Pretty!" Ted's voice held scorn, not scorn for Adele's beauty, but for himself. "Well, Janet, if every pretty face I run up against is going to cost me a hundred and fifty hard-earned dollars, I need a guardian. I—I'd like to appoint you."



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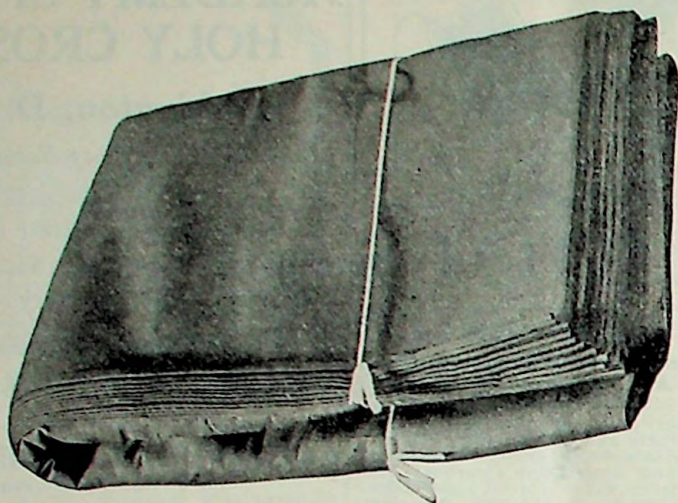
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Around the Camp-fire

(Continued from page 18)

The garden Mouse
Comes near to play;
Indeed, he turns
His eyes away.

The Wren knows well
I rob no nest;
When I look in,
She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows,
Or they would come
After my voice
Right to my home.

The Horse can tell,
Straight from my lip,
My hand could not
Hold any whip.

Say what you like,
All things love me!
Horse, Cow and Mouse,
Bird, Moth and Bee.

Perhaps you live in the city and can see only a strip of sky. Yet you can remember a lark's song. Katharine Tynan, who knows how to weave lovely tapestries of words, has written the following little poem. If you wish to possess the book in which it has been published, you will find it in *High Tide*, a collection of poems edited by Mrs. Waldo Richards and published by Houghton Mifflin. Best of all, tuck it into your memory so that it may be readily taken out to show to friends.

The Little Red Lark

The little red lark is shaking his wings,
Straight from the breast of his love he springs;

Listen the lilt of the song he sings,
All in the morning early, O.

The sea is rocking a cradle, hark!
To a hushing-song, and the fields are dark,
And would I were there with the little red lark,
All in the morning early, O.

The beard of barley is old-man's-gray,
All green and silver the new-mown hay,
The dew from his wings he has shaken away,
All in the morning early, O.

The little red lark is high in the sky,
No eagle soars where the lark may fly,
Where are you going to, high, so high?
All in the morning early, O.

His wings and feathers are sunrise red,
He hails the sun and his golden head:
Good-morrow, Sun, you are long abed.
All in the morning early, O.

I would I were where the little red lark
Up in the dawn like a rose-red spark,
Sheds the day on the fields so dark,
All in the morning early, O.

And then there is the oriole. We've felt like dancing and dreaming and singing when that note gleaming like a star point and glorious as the dawn, sings in

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the soft summer air "Joy-Joy-Joy." In her poem, "Bird Song," Laura E. Richards has expressed just these things for me and, I hope, for you. I came across this poem in a collection published by The American Tree Association, Washington, D. C. The collection is called *The Forest Poetic*.

Bird Song

The robin sings of willow-buds,
Of snowflakes on the green;
The bluebird sings of Mayflowers,
The cracking leaves between;
The veery has a thousand tales
To tell to girl and boy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy! Joy! Joy!"

The pewee calls his little mate,
Sweet Phoebe, gone astray;
The warbler sings, "What fun, what fun,
To tilt upon the spray!"
The cuckoo has no song, but clucks,
Like any wooden toy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy! Joy! Joy!"

The grosbeak sings the rose's birth,
And paints her on his breast;
The sparrow sings of speckled eggs,
Soft brooded in the nest.
The wood thrush sings of peace, "Sweet peace,
Sweet peace," without alloy;
But the oriole, the oriole,
Sings, "Joy! Joy! Joy!"

"Batter Up!"

(Continued from page 24)

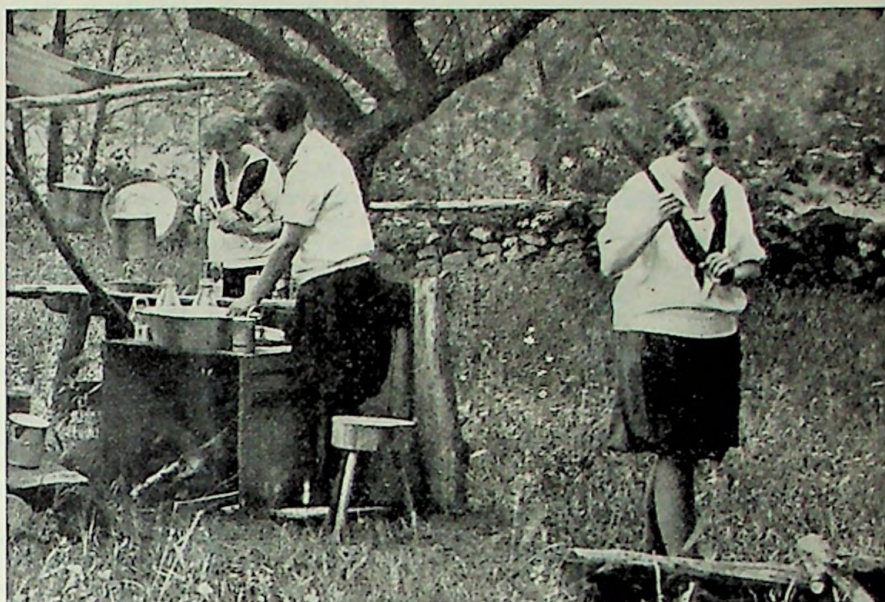
team practice, each player playing in the position she likes best or the one she is working for. If one of the players can hit out balls at will to any position, it gives all the girls a varied experience in team work.

Through playing this game of baseball, girls develop grace, control, and the ability to think and act quickly. As I suggested in my article on basketball, published in the February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, every girl who plays should first have a medical examination of at least her heart and lungs, a more thorough examination if it can be arranged. These examinations are everywhere being recommended today because their wisdom has so often been proved in the case of active games, athletics and swimming.

This game of baseball is great fun at camp or for troops that are sufficiently large to admit of two or more teams. If there are not enough girls in your troop who wish to play, invite some other troop to join you in learning the game and in playing it.

At Convention

DELEGATE (reporting community service work): "And we replanted dead trees"!!



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Tales of Courage and Daring

(Continued from page 16)

horse and continue on foot. When his friend, walking, reached the horse, he would mount, ride ahead the agreed distance and in turn dismount and tie the horse. In this manner great distances were covered in a single day.

The westward travel was becoming heavy and Seth and Anna Dunbar often had pleasant companionship along the way. Many of the immigrants were Irish. Near the streams the wild deer and great, frightened moose abounded. The rude home of a settler or a wayside tavern offered a comfortable night's rest. It was in one of these lonely inns great-great-grandmother said she experienced a real thrill.

Coming to a flooded stream at nightfall it was decided to seek lodging at a near-by tavern. This they did and gladly accepted the bunk in a loft, offered them. She said it seemed she had only just closed her eyes in sleep when she was awakened suddenly to hear hushed voices coming from the room below. She peered over the side of her bed and saw a dim light shining up through the chinks. The whisperings continued for a time and then to her dismay, came the rasp of a knife being drawn across a strap; next, the slow but regular creak of the steps leading aloft. Her heart pounded violently. She was unable to move or call out as she watched a dark form come into view through the small opening, steal past her across the room, reach up and cut a piece of smoked meat from its fastenings in the logs overhead and make its way carefully again to the room below. There was no sleep left in her eyes, she said, but the smell of cooking soon soothed her and when called to an appetizing breakfast of bacon and eggs she was able to enjoy it. The kind man and his wife had risen and prepared a good meal to give the travelers an early start.

We might think of some among our New England forbears as giants who conquered the forests and earth. When Seth and Anna Dunbar reached what was to be their home for the remainder of their long and busy lives, the land had to be cleared for a cabin. After trees were felled the branches were burnt away and the logs niggered off into suitable lengths. After being placed in position they were plastered together with mud and wedges of wood. Strips of birch bark made the roof. In this cabin they lived and worked until, during the war of 1812, they built a frame house. The miles of stone fence a foot or so high, still in service, speak of the vast amount of labor necessary to remove stones, as well as stumps, before planting crops.

One of the first products raised was flax, and we treasure linen produced—from flax to sheets—by great-great-grandmother's hands. She raised a large family and spun and wove the

material for their clothing. She raised and picked geese to make their feather pillows and beds.

Then there were tallow candles to be made, cheese-making, soap-making and what not? She found time to study her Bible. Her memory was remarkable and she could locate any Bible reference without hesitation. She and her husband were charter members of the first church in Marcellus, then a Congregational and later changed to a Presbyterian—still flourishing. The only heat in this early church was from the live coals carried there in foot-warmers by the congregation.

Fortunately, a few years ago I was permitted to visit the old homestead. It is on a beautiful hillside from which you look across a narrow valley to green hills. Down in the hollow is the village of Marcellus. Probably Anna Dunbar lived there many years before the woodcutter's axe cleared this view for her. I saw and attempted to lift the heavy ox-yokes, relics of that pioneer journey. Great wonder that any beast could carry them! They were hewn, burnt and whittled from a log.

We have the little flax wheel in our home; a relative treasures the warming-pan, and I have watched with interest as my great-uncle, before retiring, wound the high grandfather's clock. Each memento speaks of thrift and service.

And I would be just such a Girl Scout as great-great-grandmother, leading a useful life,—learning to do only the really worth-while things. In this century as well as in hers there are obstacles to remove and ways to prepare, calling for bravery and endurance.

NOTE: Anna Dunbar's grand-daughter, Jane Anne Gilbert, is my great-aunt and will be eighty-four years old next July. She told me this story.

General Rufus Putnam

"The Father of Ohio"

From My Own Family

By WINIFRED P. WILKIE

Age 19, Troop 1, Cleveland, Ohio

"Oh, my children, beware you neglect not the education of any under your care as I was neglected."

An old, old man, quite mild—yet grim—
With hair snow-white and eyes grown dim—

With faltering care these words inscribed—

A plea that learning be "imbibed"—

For Rufus Putnam—that was his name,

From Sutton, Massachusetts, came,
Of sturdy old New England stock,
Where many wore the clergy's frock.

Left orphan at the age of seven,
No thought nor care to him was given.

He says, "I ne'er was in a school
More than three weeks. I learned the Rule

Of Three by my own diligence,
But life had taught me common sense."

Though many jeered and more abused,
To abandon study, he refused,—

In August---a Girl Scout story by Mrs. Edey---'nuff said

For friends did not deny him light
To labor far into the night.

Yet, as he was of sturdy build,
His time in outdoor sport was filled.
Well could he trail a deer or bear,
And track the otter to its lair;
Or that sly, prowling, soft-shod man
Who roamed the woods—the Indian.
Thus he became a far-famed "scout,"
A hard employment beyond doubt.

When Rufus Putnam older grew,
He made the most of what he knew,
And in his Massachusetts town,
Became a person of renown.
Of Washington he was a friend,
Experienced,—quick to defend.
When in the French and Indian War,
He captured red-skins by the score;
He and his cousin Israel,
Full many a daring tale could tell.
And in the Revolution too,
He did all that a man could do.

Now at this bloody battle's close,
A question grave in Congress rose—
For many men could not be paid,
For the heroic part they'd played.
And so a novel plan was formed,
That many hearts with courage
warmed,—
That those of them who would take
land,
Might get together in a band
And settle near the Ohio River,
Where currents glide and sunbeams
quiver.

Now Rufus Putnam—pioneer—
Led the brave men who settled here,—
But oh! the hardships they endured,
E'er their success could be insured.
These men who'd proved themselves in
war,
Had now to test their strength once
more.
They braved the winter's chilly blasts,
The fearful night and dreary fasts
And many an unknown, bitter thing—
So that they might plant in the spring.

But these adventurers thrilled with
cheer,
When each day brought their home
more near.
Women and children—young and old—
Faced with new hope the freezing
cold—
And blazed the Alleghany slopes,
In vans and sleds made fast with ropes.

When they reached Pittsburgh settle-
ment,
A pleasant season here they spent.
Here "Mayflower II" had its birth
Amid much labor and much mirth,—
And when at last our friends set sail,
Spring breezes blew a balmy gale.

Thus for nine weeks they journey'd
on,
For winter's icy chill was gone.
They sailed until at last they'd come
To the rippling mouth of the Musk-
ingum—
In April, seventeen-seventy-eight;
It is a memorable date.

Here Washington had been before,
When sent to scout and to explore.
And now they planned a formal code

Of laws to regulate the mode
Of life on this new colony
And placed them plainly on a tree.

At once the settlers fell to work,
For they were brave and none would
shirk,—

A blockhouse by the men was planned
For they had trees at their command.
The women labored with a will,
For now the soil was fit to till.
Log cabins sprang upon the shore
Where ancient trees had stood before;
And soon the settlers felt repaid
For all the efforts they had made.

Yet they were seldom free from harm,
For oft the drums would beat alarm,
That told of Indians prowling near,
And made the children quake with fear,
Lest some sly, prowling, red-skinned foe
Would shoot an arrow from his bow.
So they desired a settlement
That would be strong and permanent.

The Muskingum flowed on either
hand,
East of its mouth a town was planned.
Marietta was chosen its name,
For "Marie Antoinette" of far-spread
fame.

'Tis thus the settlers tribute paid
To France's sympathy and aid.
It was the first real town of whites
To brave the west with chartered
rights.

Each day this famed town grew and
thrived,

And eagerly more folk arrived,
Till it was time to make new laws—
Their early code had many flaws.
And so they met and held a sort
Of "in the open" civil court.
The Indians came from far and near
To watch and learn, quite free from
fear.

Now Rufus Putnam still recalled
His lack of learning; it appalled
His mind to think by any chance
The young should grow in ignorance.
So plans were made for public schools
Mid honest work and many rules.
The early ones were very rude
But thorough training was imbued.

Once Rufus, in a vivid dream
Saw children in a steady stream,
Go marching through a public hall.
He gazed in wonder at it all,
And asked another standing near,
What all these young were doing here.
"The Sunday School meets here," he
said.

Next morning Rufus woke in bed,
Yet with this vision so impressed,
He pondered much and trembled lest
Its potent meaning be quite lost,
So a school was started at great cost.

The following year two more began—
In all the valley was no man
More proud than Rufus, old and gray,
When he saw march in grand array—
The children from three schools to-
gether

To have a picnic in spring weather.
He gazed with eyes that misty grew,—
"At last," he said, "my dream's come
true."

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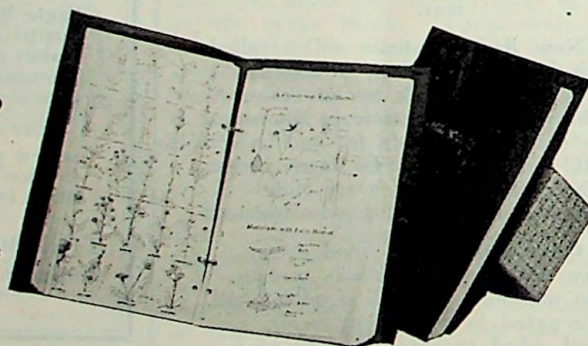
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Idlers in Paradise

(Continued from page 9)

bright-faced moon, sinking over the tops of the tree-crowned hills! An impertinent gopher has been holding midnight carnivals in our tent, and on one occasion invited all his constituents to a mass meeting under Ruth's pillow, but this has been the only cloud on our happiness.

Thursday, October 6th. I am seated on a very hard rock writing with such comfort as I may, for Ruth is sketching Dolly in the hammock. It is decided that I am not as picturesque as Dolly, and I have been tumbled out of my favorite resting place and Dolly ensconced therein, that the cause of art may not suffer.

It was some five minutes ago however, and now that my rage is tempered by reflection, I can see that Ruth was right. I only wish I could introduce you to Dolly this very moment, but as that is not possible, I'll do my best to bring her to your mind's eye, and Ruth's watercolor sketch shall supplement my word-picture. The airy web hangs between an oak and a sycamore, sheltered overhead by the interlacing branches, through which the sky gleams, "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue."

The subject is in an attitude of delicious languor, one pretty arm underneath her head, one slippered foot and slender ankle just visible. Her dress of soft gray cloth with silver braidings peeps, here and there, through the meshes of the web. Her gray sombrero with its seagulls' breasts is pushed back carelessly and her sunny hair loosened by the frolicsome wind, falls over the hammock side. There you have her in a nutshell, or in a hammock, rather; and isn't she charming? Now imagine her swinging gently to and fro—to and fro—and as her eyelids close with the magnetic motion I sing her a song in hammock meter while Jack lazily strikes his light guitar:

*To—fro
Dreamily—slow,
Under the trees.*

*Swing—swing.
Drowsily sing
The birds and the bees.*

*Sleep—rest
Slumber is best,
Wakefulness sad.*

*Rest—sleep,
Forget how to weep,
Dream and be glad!*

Mr Winslow has just come up and thrown himself under the tree. (How well a man looks in a blue flannel shirt, when he does, you know!)

"I should like to sketch the sketcher," he says, with such admiration in his tone that my sisterly pride is kindled. And Ruth does look like a cardinal bird, in a dark-red dress, and a felt tennis hat

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of the same color perched on her dusky locks. She is more of a "nut-brown mayde" than ever, owing to this out-of-door life. But the sun has no effect on Dolly's Dresden China loveliness.

Saturday, October 15th

MY DEAR HUGH: You are married to a woman very much above you. I am on the tip-top of *Pico Negro*, one of the Santa Ynez mountain peaks. Dolly is here; Ruth is here; even the aunt is here; and here we all stay until kind Father Time has mercifully obliterated all remembrance of the ascent. We hope that in the present land-boom some one will buy *Pico Negro*, subdivide it into town lots "easily accessible by a cable railway," and then we will come down on the first car. Otherwise we shall remain and grow up with the country, though this particular bit of country seems to have grown sufficiently in that direction already.

Our coming has been a grand and glorious achievement. We have stepped upon sod which has never before received feminine footprints. Jack was obliged to mention this fact every five minutes coming up, and each time the aunt murmured between her set teeth, "Much good may it do the sod!" She is a very fine person, the aunt.

We started early yesterday morning, ladies on horseback, gentlemen walking. There was an obstinate and phlegmatic pack mule with tent, provisions, blankets, etc. If a newspaper artist could have sketched us in procession, his caricatures for once, would only have dimly suggested the reality. In the front rode the aunt, mounted on a mule for which she felt an elective antipathy the moment she was introduced to him. Curiously enough the antipathy proved mutual, on longer acquaintance. We each had something to carry as private baggage; the aunt a sack of barley, Dolly a gun, Ruth a villainous stew-kettle, and I a watermelon.

The road lay over a gentle slope at first, but as we struck the mountain trail, the ascent grew at once fearfully steep and rugged. Up we climbed, animated with Spartan bravery and more than Spartan self-consequence.

Each horse had a burden behind, as well as one on top, for each of our attendant squires had attached himself to the tails of the horse in front of him and hung on with relentless energy. My poor animal had the most pitiable time, for my page was Dick Winslow, who tips the scales at one hundred and eighty, and he led the pack mule, who held back all the way up.

On we climbed, higher and higher, leaving scraps of the aunt's habit on the chaparral bushes through which we forced our way. The trail grew narrower and steeper and *Pico Negro's* summit seemed to move on as fast as we did.

Still we climbed, ever higher and higher! Was there any top, and should

we ever reach it? A certain looseness around the roots of the horses' tails showed that too great stress had been laid upon them. Jack encouraged us by saying that there was a glorious tree on the summit whereon we could carve our names! The aunt remarked grimly that it would cast a pleasant shade over her grave.

Ten minutes more of puffing and straining; of much prodding of the pack mule, who evinced a perennial desire to lie down, which desire was quelled by perennial punches; of much excitement lest the mule's tail should not support the aunt's saddle till the contest was over; of tugging and slipping and urging and spurring and clucking—ten minutes of this and we were on fairly level ground! The summit had at least condescended to disappear, for we were on it. The long-anticipated, hard-earned view broke upon our enraptured gaze, but we refused to patronize it at once, leaving it until we had consumed three loaves of un-buttered bread and stacks of cookies.

Sunday, October 9th

We have not slept a wink. We are all broken mysteriously in two at the waist line! We cannot lie down, nor walk, nor sit up, nor laugh! We can only smile—quietly—and eat; thus our manners have that repose that marks the caste of *Vere de Vere*. But it is beautiful. I crawled to the tent door just as day was dawning—the Sabbath day; creeping up over the mountain tops and down into the valley below, lingering on the white towers of the Santa Ynez Mission and waking the sleepy flocks on the hillsides. Sleepy Nature was just rubbing her eyes and putting on her quiet Sunday dress, and in that quiet half hour I felt as if I wanted "to be good," as the children say. We were going down this afternoon, but the aunt refuses to budge, and we would rather wait until the peculiar "break" at the waist-line is healed, so that we may not be conscious of existing in two sections, as it were, on hostile terms with each other, to boot. We have only provisions enough for one more meal for man and beast, and we look to hunger to break the aunt's haughty spirit.

Monday, October 10th, Canon Las Flores

Home again! I never thought I should live to tell it, but we are down. The aunt was "starved out" at eleven this morning; lifted, in a limp and helpless condition, on to her Arabian mule and rode last in the procession so that she might have her "fall broken" and Salem, Massachusetts, be on the top, so to speak. It was not much worse than going up, after all. We rode on the horses' ears instead of on their tails, and the gentlemen were of positive service hanging on behind. Paul is going to town for supplies, so I'll send this screed by him.

KATE.

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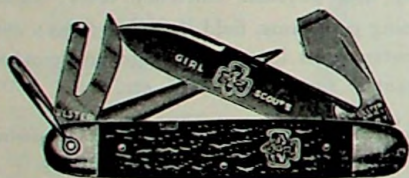
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Make Your Own Camp Memory Book

(Continued from page 21)

cut them very neatly, with the help of a ruler. Your book will look better if they are that half inch shorter than the cover, because even books look untidy with their petticoats showing. Stack your pages with the corners exact, draw a line down the center of the top page, and double all the pages along this line. Then lay the pile inside the cover. It helps to tie a string around both, down the center, to keep them in place while you sew them.

Now with your ruler mark twelve equidistant points down the center line (more if your book is big) and prick each one with your needle through pages and cover. Draw a long thread and go through from the inside (the page side) at the center: begin, that is, down through either prick number "six" or "seven," leaving a "tail" of thread. Then come up through "eight" and down through "nine," making an ordinary sewing stitch. When you get to the end, or "twelve," come back in the same holes having the stitches this time in the empty spaces. When you have stitched yourself back to the center, go on to hole number "one" and back to the center again. Tie the "tail" end and the "head" and thread in a neat little square knot and don't cut them off too short.

Now you are ready for your cover. (By the way, if your oilcloth is fairly warm, it will crack less easily.) Lay a piece of newspaper around your book for a pattern and mark where the back and edges come when the book is shut. Now cut your paper in the shape in the diagram and try it on again. When you are sure your newspaper pattern is right, place it on the inside of your oil cloth, draw around it, and cut it, carefully marking the two center lines for the back. Now brush—or spoon—the glue on the back and sides of the cardboard cover and smooth the oilcloth into

place, doubling in the flaps x and y. Have a damp cloth or towel to smooth with and to wipe off any traces of glue that may leap out where they shouldn't. It is a good idea to let the outside set a little, under the weight of books, with the cover shut. Then open and glue down the extra oil cloth, shaded in Diagram 2, which should have straight lines and neat corners. Wipe off any suspicion of glue and leave the closed book under weights over night.

When you take your book from under the weights, you will wish to cover the inside front and inside back covers with paper in order to hide the pasted down edges of the oilcloth. At Camp Chaparral, we used two sheets of heavier blue paper, on which gold stars had been profusely printed. This color gave a lovely contrast to the yellow oilcloth and the braided green wool with which we planned to finish our book. The gold stars were campy, too.

To decorate our cover, we used the cover of the Camp Chaparral announcement booklet which we all had received in the spring. For your book the cover may be any one of several different kinds. It may be one of your pet camp snapshots, enlarged to the right size, if your kodak is too small. It may be a wood-block print you have made, if you are so fortunate as to know how to make wood-blocks. Or it may be a pen-and-ink sketch. Whatever you decide to put on, be sure to measure carefully just where you wish to paste it, so that it goes on straight. A tipsy cover would look—well, you know how without my mentioning it!

After you have finished the cover, you may play with your book all you please, arranging what you want in it where you want it—which isn't just play because it will help you a great deal to have a list of your pet wants clipped to page one. But what Girl Scout needs to be told just what to put in a memory book, which should be just as she is and just as varied as her camp!

Sunset and Evening Star

(Continued from page 23)

rocks her babies to sleep, high in the topmost branches of a tree. The loon sends its weird cry echoing plaintively over the lake and the deep bass grumble of the bull frog booms from the swamp. Days like this shall be marked with red, for never have I known such happiness. I am beginning to realize that the song of a bird may mean more than the rumble of a thousand smoky cities. My recipe for happiness in its perfection consists of one bird song, and a little patch of good warm earth, holding an "emerald pool where fireflies wink drowsily in the evening dusk and, slowly, dreamily, the dying water lilies rock."

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Do your best friend a favor---tell her about our 50c offer



The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.



Be Warm at Camp

A SWEATER is the ideal wrap for camping and hiking as well as for school, athletics and winter sports. The new official Girl Scout sweaters come in brown and green heather color mixture to create an harmonious effect with the uniform. They are made of finest all-wool yarn and are knit in the popular shaker stitch that is used for all college and athletic sweaters. They give warmth without bulk, as well as hard wear.

In two styles, coat and slip over. The coat model, illustrated above, is very popular, due to the ease with which it can be put on and taken off.

Coat model, sizes 32-40...\$8.00
Slip over model, sizes 32-40 7.00

Order these sweaters from your

LOCALEQUIPMENTAGENT

or

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT
DEPARTMENT

670 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

**The
Bolles-Brendamour
Co.**

130-135 E. Sixth St.

The Golden Rule

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Girl Scouts of Orange County

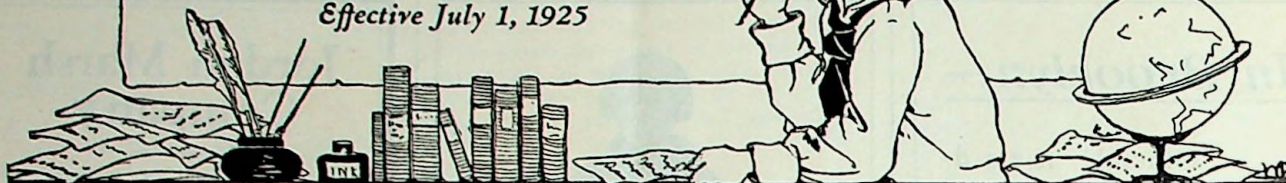
For That New Uniform
Or Other Equipment

Go to STERN'S
NEWBURG, NEW YORK

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

Revised Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective July 1, 1925



Uniforms

	Size	Price		Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat	10-18	\$3.65	Hats, Officer's	7-8	\$4.00	Black Silk		\$2.00
	38-42	4.15	Hats, Scout	6½-8	1.60	Green Silk		2.00
Short Coat Suit.....	10-18	4.70	Web Belt	28-38	.65	Waterproof Coats, sizes 10-20		8.00
	38-42	5.20		40-46	.75	sizes 40-42		9.50
Skirt	10-42	2.10	Leather for officers.....	28-38	2.75	Sweaters—Brown and Green		
Bloomers	10-42	1.85		40-46	3.00	Heather—		
Knickers	10-42	2.15	Neckerchiefs, each		0.45	Coat Model, sizes.....	32-40	8.00
Middy—Official khaki..	10-40	1.75	Colors: Green, purple, dark			Slip over model, sizes..	32-40	7.00
Norfolk Suits—Officer's:			blue, light blue, brown, car-					
Khaki, Light weight	34-42	7.25	dinal, black, and yellow.					
Khaki, heavy weight	34-42	15.00						
Serge	34-42	38.00						

Badges

x Attendance Stars			x * Life Saving Crosses			x Second Class Badge.....	\$0..5
Gold	\$0.20		Silver	\$1.75		x * Thanks Badge	
Silver15		Bronze	1.50		Heavy gold plate with bar..	3.00
x First Class Badge.....	.25		x * Medal of Merit.....	1.00		Gold Plate Pins.....	.75
x Flower Crests15		x Proficiency Badges15		Silver Plate75

Pins

x Brownie	\$0.25		x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze.....	\$0.50		New plain type.....	\$0.15
x Committee75		x Tenderfoot Pins			Old style plain pin.....	.08
x * Community Service35		10K Gold (safety catch)....	3.00		Midget gold filled50
x * Golden Eaglet	1.50		Gold Filled (safety catch)..	0.75		x Worn by officers or Scouts	
						when not in uniform	

Insignia

x Armband	\$0.15		x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron.	\$0.20		x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts....	\$0.20
x Corporal Chevron10		x Hat Insignia (for Captain's			x Patrol Leader's Chevron....	.15
			hat)50			

Songs

America, the Beautiful.....	\$0.05		Girl Scout Songs			Oh. Beautiful Country.....	\$0.05
Are You There.....	.10		Vocal Booklet	\$0.10		On the Trail:	
Enrollment10		Piano Edition30		Piano edition60
Everybody Ought to be a Scout	.15		Girl Scout Song Sheet.....	.04		Midget Size05
First National Training School	.25		Lots of 10 or more.....	.03		Lots of 10 or more.....	.02
Girl Guide60		Goodnight15		Onward15
Girl Scouts Are True.....	.15		Hiking On30		To America25
Girl Scout Song Book.....	.50					Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song	.35

Flags

American Flags			(x) Troop Flags			Price	
Size	Material	Price	Size	Material	Price	Semaphore Flags (extra), per	
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.80	2x3 ft.	Wool..	\$2.60	pair75
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.60	2½x4 ft.	Wool..	4.20	(x) Troop Pennants	
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.60	3x5 ft.	Wool..	5.75	Lettered with any Troop No..	\$1.50
			4x6 ft.	Wool..	8.50	Staffs	
x G. S. Felt Emblems (separate)			Flag Set		1.30	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral	
3x4		35c	Includes:			G. S. Emblem....	\$6.75
4x5		40c	1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle.	5.00
6x7		45c	6-ft. Staff			1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear.	3.50
7x10.....		55c	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			G. S. Emblem—separate.....	3.70
			web carrying case			Eagle Emblem—separate.....	2.60
			Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not			Spear Emblem—separate.....	1.60
			jointed60	Flag Carrier	2.60

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices are Postage Paid

Standard Price List Continued

Literature

	Price		Price		Price
Brownie Books	\$0.25	Patrol System for Girl Guides25	Per dozen	1.00
Brownie Pamphlet15	Plays, each15	Girl Scout Creed (Henry Van Dyke)15
Brownie Report75	In lots of 10 or more, each..	.10	Girl Scout poster (large)....	.20
Blue Book of Rules25	By Mrs. B. O. Edey		Girl Scout poster (small)....	.10
Camping Out, L. H. Weir	2.00	Why They Gave a Show and How		Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters	6.85
Campward Ho!75	How St. John Came to Ben- cer's School		Producing Amateur Entertain- ments, Helen Ferris.....	2.50
Camp and Field Notebook Cover50	By Oleda Schrottky		Scout Laws	
Community Service Booklet—		A Pot of Red Geraniums		Poster size50
Each10	Why the Rubbish?		Small size15
Per dozen	1.00	Everybody's Affair		Scout Mastership	1.50
First Aid Book—		By Margaret Mochrie		Troop Management Course75
New Edition	1.05	Magic Gold Pieces		Troop Register (Field Note Book Size)	2.05
Girl Guide Book of Games.....	.50	Post Cards—		Additional Sheets	
Ceremonies around the Girl		Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10	Cash Record	
Scout Year25	1 dozen sets	1.00	(15 sheets)25c. package
Health Record Books, each.....	.10	Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer. Sets cannot be broken)....	.20	Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.3c. ea.
Per dozen	1.00	Building	2 for .05	Treasurer's Monthly Record	
Handbook, Cloth Board Cover..	1.10	Washington Little House (Ex- terior)03	(30 sheets)25c. package
Flexible Cloth Cover80	Washington Little House (Doorway)03	Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.
English Girl Guide75	Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price)05	Treasurer's or Scribe's Record	
Home Service Booklet, each....	.10	"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"03	(15 sheets)25c. package
Per dozen	1.00	(By M. E. Price)03	Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.3c. ea.
Knots, Hitches and Splices55	"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted" (By M. E. Price)03	Individual Record	
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15	Posters—		(30 sheets)25c. package
Nature Projects—		New Building Poster 9 1/4 x 11 1/410	Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with note book cover	1.50			Troop Advancement Record	3c. a sheet
Projects, each40			Troop Reports	
Ye Andree Logge75			(30 sheets)25c. package
Pageant—				Per sheet (broken pkg.)....	.2c. ea.
Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard50				
Patrol Register, each15				

Miscellaneous Equipment

Axe, with Sheath	\$1.85	1 Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide40	Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 ..	.55
Belt Hooks, extra05	Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide60	Sun Watch	1.00
Blankets—4-pound Grey	6.50	Knives, No. 1	1.60	Transfer Seals, 2 for05
Bugle	3.75	No. 2	1.05	Trefoil Emblem Stickers (em- bossed in gold)02
Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard10	Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces	3.50	3 for05
x Buttons—Per set25	Mirror—Unbreakable25	12 for15
10s—6 L to set—dozen sets ..	2.75	x Patterns—		100 for	1.00
Camp Toilet Kit	2.35	Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-4215	Thread, Khaki spool15
Canteen, Aluminum	2.75	Norfolk Suit, 34-42.....	.25	Per dozen spools	1.20
Tin	2.00	Poncho (45x72)	3.50	x Uniform Make-Up Sets—	
Compass, Plain	1.00	" (60x82)	4.75	Long Coat Uniform70
Radiolite Dial	1.50	Rings, Silver, 3 to 9	1.50	1 Long Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
Cuts—		10K Gold, 3 to 9	4.00	1 Pair Lapels	
Running Girl	1.00	Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in.15	1 Spool of Thread	
Trefoil75	Lots of 5 or more, each10	1 Set of Buttons	Give pattern size
First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	1.30	Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt ..	.50	Two piece Uniform	
Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra..	.50	Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard	4.75	1 Short Coat Pattern	Give pattern size
First Aid Kit, No. 1	2.90	Sewing Kit, Tin Case25	1 Skirt Pattern	
Flashlights, Small size	1.35	Aluminum Case50	1 Pair Lapels	
Large size	1.70	Girl Scout Stationery55	1 Spool of Thread	
Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem:		Girl Scout Stickers, per dozen..	.05	1 Set of Buttons	
Linen40			No make-up sets for middies and bloomers.	
Cotton25			Whistles20
Haversacks, No. 1	3.00			Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....	4.50
No. 2	2.00				
Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair25				

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Above Prices are Postage Paid



ALONG the EDITOR'S TRAIL

Voile

IT is such fun being Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* at Convention! "And fun being Business Manager, too," says Alice Waller. "And fun being Chairman of the Pioneer Contest", adds Gertrude Barnes. For this is what you do when you are Editor and Business Manager and Pioneer Contest Chairman (otherwise, Assistant Editor). You arrive early to arrange *THE AMERICAN GIRL* Exhibit. You put up the Gladima Scout posters you have brought (because, of course, by this time it would be impossible to have a Convention without Gladima). And you arrange exhibit tables, upon which you place the list of *AMERICAN GIRL* subscribers, sample copies of the magazine, circulars telling about our big summer bargain—our "five months for fifty cents" offer, books which our publisher-advertisers have sent, together with a display of everything else advertised in the magazine—including candy to be presented to the delegates with our advertisers' compliments. (You can imagine we did not lack visitors!)

But no sooner were we at work than up came our Boston hostesses asking how they might help us. And that was the spirit of the entire Convention week—cordial hospitality and gracious kindness. We felt immediately at home and when we said good-bye, it seemed scarcely possible that Convention has lasted but a few days, so filled had those days been with delightful occasions planned for us by our hostesses. To you, Boston and all other Massachusetts leaders who joined with you, comes our deepest appreciation.

One of the best parts about a Girl Scout Convention is that you come away feeling so much better acquainted with the Girl Scouts themselves. Perhaps this will surprise you, for you know that our Conventions are attended by our leaders. Yet such is the case. Up came Captains and Commissioners and Local Directors to tell us about the Girl Scouts in their towns. One minute, we were in Utah; the next, in Missouri; the

next, in Delaware; the next, in Maine; then *whist* to California! When, in the Convention sessions, leader after leader arose to tell of interesting Girl Scout doings, so *real* did it all seem it was as though the Girl Scouts themselves were outside, thousands and thousands going hiking or camping to their troop meetings.

If only we could tell you everything that was said! If only you, too, could have been present at the stirring opening session to see the hundreds of Girl Scout leaders assembled there under the leadership of Mrs. Herbert Hoover, our President, and Mrs. Juliette Low, our Founder.

And if only you might have sat beside us as we chatted with the delegates. For nothing was more enjoyable than the chatting! There was the Homemakers' Luncheon, presided over by Dean Sarah Louise Arnold, our new President, at which a Girl Scout mother from New Orleans said casually, "No, I couldn't have come away were it not that I had a fourteen-year-old Girl Scout daughter to keep house for me.

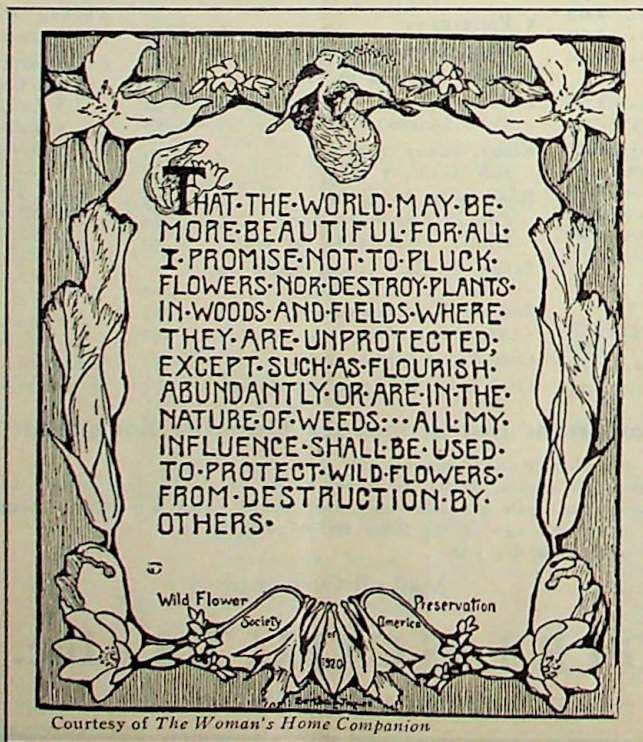
I had a letter this morning from my son saying she is doing splendidly. I think a brother's opinion is a test, don't you?" We replied that, having had a brother of our own, we certainly did!

Then there was the day when a leader from Casper, Wyoming, came to our *AMERICAN GIRL* exhibit. You will remember it was from Casper that we received over thirty stories for our Pioneer Contest, two of which won places. The leader described how the Girl Scouts had worked upon their stories and how happy Marian Peterson and Lillian Roth were when they received word of their success.

Another afternoon, in came two Massachusetts Girl Scouts especially to see us. They were wondering what they could do to help the magazine. You may be sure we had many suggestions for them, forthwith, including our request that they spread word of our Get-Acquainted, fifty-cent offer, and our desire for ever so many letters, telling us whether their Girl Scout friends do or do not like our stories. (Won't you write, too?)

If only we could write a book instead of one page about Convention Week! It seemed that the Girl Scouts were always with us. You were with us at the banquet when your International Flag designs were exhibited. Many of you, we know, listened in when Mrs. Hoover broadcast her greetings to the banquet. Many Massachusetts Girl Scouts were with us in person, the day we rode out to Cedar Hill, the beautiful country home of the Girl Scouts there. Can you imagine the delight of talking about camping, of having a Brownie Pow-wow under the trees, with blue birds watching us from a distance? Can you imagine the fun of supper out-of-doors served by Girl Scouts and their leaders?

And the State Review! Can you imagine the thrill of seeing several thousand Girl Scouts at the same time marching together, singing together, dancing together in a May festival, giving us all the feeling of Girl Scouting?





Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



"Little House" (doorway)
Washington, D. C.

Post Cards for Girl Scouts

Post cards—a word of greeting to a far-away friend, a line from camp to troop-mates back home, all the friendly little messages a Girl Scout likes to send—these are more friendly if Girl Scout post cards are used, for then they truly carry a message of Girl Scouting.

On this page you will see a choice of fine Girl Scout post cards from our assortment made for Girl Scouts. We cannot reproduce their full charm. Nor can we show the full line on sale at National Headquarters. Read this advertisement, which tells you about the others.



Girl Scouts Laws
Red and black

Illustrated

THE SILHOUETTE POSTCARDS illustrated at the top and bottom of this page are from the charming Jessie Gillespie drawings of Girl Scouts and are printed in black ink on white paper. Particularly appropriate for camp. Price per set of six post cards.....\$.10
Price per dozen sets..... 1.00

THE GIRL SCOUT "LITTLE HOUSE" post cards are made from photographs showing the doorway and exterior. They are printed in black on cream colored stock. Price each \$0.03

THE LAWS, a post card size reduction of the Edith Ballinger Price Laws poster done in the style of mediaeval illuminated manuscripts. It is printed in red and black on cream colored stock. Price each.....\$0.05



"Little House" (exterior)
Washington, D. C.

The cards listed on this page may be bought at authorized department store equipment agents, from Girl Scout shops, or from

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Not illustrated

Set of four cards representing SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN and WINTER, showing Girl Scouts in characteristic activities. Printed in full color from drawings by Edith Ballinger. Price per set\$0.20

"A GIRL SCOUT IS CHEERFUL". A reduction of the color drawing by Margaret Evans. Price that appeared on the February cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Price, each...\$0.03

"A GIRL SCOUT'S HONOR IS TO BE TRUSTED". A reduction of the color drawing by Margaret Evans. Price that appeared on the April cover of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Price, each...\$0.03

NEW NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS. A colored reproduction of the architects drawing. Price\$0.05



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black



Jessie Gillespie silhouette
Printed in black

MIDDY AND KNEEBAND BLOOMERS

BELOW: Girl Scout middy and knee band bloomer of official khaki. New model that will prove very popular with Girl Scouts. These bloomers, or the plaited ones, form the standard camp uniform—when worn with Girl Scout middy blouse. Smart and trim in cut and finish. Middy and bloomers complete, sizes 10-42, formerly \$4.45, now.....\$3.90



MIDDY AND PLAITED BLOOMERS

ABOVE: Girl Scout middy, comprising with knee band or plaited bloomers, the standard camp uniform. Middy made with long sleeves, patch pockets and sailor collar embroidered with letters "G.S." in square. BLOOMERS plaited into belt. Roomy, and comfortable for walking and camp wear. Middy and bloomers complete. Sizes 10-42, formerly \$4.25, now.....\$3.60

Now—Lower Prices on Camp Uniforms

YOUR standard camp and outdoor uniforms are now lower in price. This is because your National Business Committee wishes every Girl Scout to be able to afford the middy and bloomers as a camp outdoor uniform.

Your middies and bloomers are the same high grade garments as formerly. They are made of official Girl Scout khaki, stamped twice to the yard with the official

trefoil trade mark. They are cut to insure comfort and freedom of movement. They do not soil easily, they launder well. They are durable, practical and low in cost.

Middy and plaited bloomer, formerly \$4.25, now \$3.60
Middy and kneeband bloomer, formerly \$4.45, now \$3.90

Sold by

National Equipment Department, Girl Scouts, Inc.
670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

92092